Woody's Affair, by Roger Rosenblatt

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

HISTORY'S REVENGE

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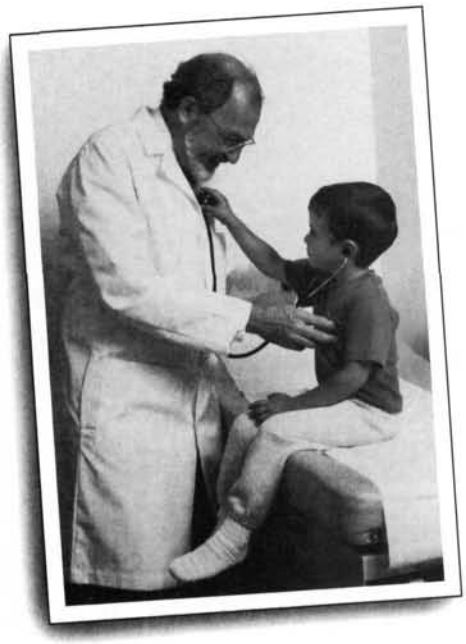
HOW THE COUNTRY GETS THINGS DONE

ONE IN A SERIES



When the new general practitioner and his wife arrived in Weiser, Idaho, they were welcomed with a parade and a barbecue. Not surprising when you hear that only a handful of new doctors plan to practice in rural areas. And that's only a small part of the health care problem that rural communities face. That's why a number of rural electric co-ops are helping to get something done. In Lindsay, Oklahoma, the only hospital was kept open after the folks at the local co-op went to work rallying public support for a special sales tax. In other parts of the country, co-ops help keep ambulances running, organize community health fairs and provide satellite hook-ups between medical facilities. Why are rural electric co-ops so involved? Because we know that good health care is essential for economic prosperity. So what we're doing for a healthier community is good medicine for the economy too.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

SEPTEMBER 21, 1992

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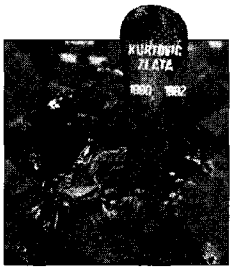

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CORRESPONDENCE

No shame

To the editors:

I was greatly impressed by Christopher Lasch's essay ("For Shame," August 10). As a graduate student of psychotherapy and a former corrections and mental health worker, I would like to add my own observations about shame. Most of the inmates I've encountered expressed no remorse for their behavior. Some of the militants considered themselves political prisoners, the victims of class warfare. Inmate rap sheets frequently show that criminal behavior began in early childhood, and punishments were minimal or nonexistent.

The number of violent children is increasing, in part because in most states the judicial systems assume that children less than ten years old are incapable of forming criminal intent. Punishment for such children now usually consists of confinement to a state hospital until the child reaches the age of 18.

All the recovering mental patients I've encountered have learned how to use shame positively. They have to; the state hospitals are social workered to the hilt and use medication as the primary treatment tool. The recovering patients are the ones who look forward to leaving the hospital and making a better life for themselves. The chronic patients just do their chores, put on their pajamas at sunset, and line up to take their medication.

In essence, one cannot rehabilitate a population that has no shame for aberrant behavior. The Japanese, in contrast, apply shame in the family environment because of their profound belief that human behavior is destiny. Acts do not occur in isolation, but reflect upon one's ancestors and immediate family. This application of shame is a powerful means of promoting introspection.

In an increasingly violent society where external controls are breaking down, shame may be the best hope (and the most acceptable) because it is the ultimate internal control.

JOE ROBERTS
Clinton, Mississippi

Vox pop

To the editors:

The thesis of Tad Friend's "Rhinophilia" (August 17 & 24) was certainly correct but unfortunately not fully developed. I suggest that dopey 1970s musical kitsch has been a powerful force not only in human affairs, but also in electoral politics. To paraphrase Friend, the insipid pop music of the mid-1970s likely made impressionable future voters ripe for harvesting by the grim combines of Reagan-Bush Republicanism in the 1980s.

My statistics (which, conveniently, I just invented) project a ten-year lag time between average Americans' record-buying prime and their subsequent participation in presidential politics. The pop hit consumers of 1974, then, constituted the new voting force of 1984. The No. 1 hits of 1974 included "The Streak" (Ray Stevens), "Having My Baby" (Paul Anka), "Billy Don't Be A Hero" (Bo Donaldson and the Heywoods), "Love's Theme" (Love Unlimited Orchestra), and, yes, "Seasons in the Sun" (Terry Jacks). A decade later the purchasers of this dreck entered the political sphere and promptly fell for Ronald Reagan's similarly treacly "Morning in America" campaign.

Likewise, George Bush won the 1988 election largely on the basis of the pledge of allegiance, a flag factory or two, and you know who. What had 1988's new-blood voters made the top hits of 1977 and 1978? "You Light Up My Life" (Debby Boone), "How Deep Is Your Love" (Bee Gees), and "Baby Come Back" (Player)—confirming the pop-politics sappiness linkage.

What does all of this portend for the 1992 Bush-Clinton campaign? Alas, the pop charts of 1982 are inconclusive. Seemingly favoring the Clinton-Gore ticket—or, as TNR prefers, Gore-Clinton—are 1982 hits "I Love Rock 'N' Roll" (Joan Jett), "Shake It Up" (The Cars), and "Ebony and Ivory" (McCartney and Wonder). Conversely, "Harden My Heart" (Quarterflash) and "The Other Woman" (Ray Parker Jr.) evoke images of a Bush campaign to me.

CHRISTOPHER D. THOMAS
Phoenix, Arizona

To the editors:

While it is bad enough that Tad Friend dismisses the '70s as the "Bangladesh of decades," it is simply amazing that he finds C.W. McCall's "Convoy" to be without historical weight. This hit was the top-40 manifestation of the mid-decade trucker rebellion, a deep-seated anti-government, populist uprising on the highways that presaged the reactionary rise of Jarvis, Reagan, and indeed, Perot. Rubber Ducky's joyous celebration of the eighteen-wheelers who "crashed the gate, doin' 98" was a far more politically potent cry for social anarchy than the stylish posturing of such critically acclaimed bands as the Clash or the Sex Pistols. The fact that these rebellious truckers spontaneously linked themselves together with C.B. technology and developed an entirely new argot is a historically fascinating point that has been given far too little consideration. There's a lot more to '70s "junk" culture than meets the eye.

KEVIN MCDONOUGH
Co-author, The Seventies: From Hot Pants to Hot Tubs
Hoboken, New Jersey

Ship shape

To the editors:

Carol Burke's essay "Dames at Sea" (August 17 & 24) is an inaccurate portrayal of today's environment at the United States Naval Academy. Some elements of the essay may have occurred in the past; however, they were never condoned by the administration. Furthermore, the commitment of the Academy to correct past errors and its sustained emphasis on eliminating sexual harassment and promoting positive behavior and leadership development are not accurately reflected.

Nearly three years ago several well-publicized incidents brought Academy practices in clear focus. Subsequently, four separate internal and external assessments were conducted to study thoroughly all aspects of the Academy's education and training program. These led to constructive change throughout the institution and a heightened personal and institutional awareness and sensitivity to gender issues. The number of female officers assigned to the academy was increased, as was the number of female faculty and staff in leadership roles. A zero-tolerance program for any gender or ethnic discrimination or harassment was instituted.

After conducting a thorough review of all midshipman training and orientation practices and policies, including a review of midshipman cadences, a policy that forbade any improper treatment of another human being was clearly communicated to all midshipmen. A renewed emphasis was placed on equal opportunity, the elimination of prejudice, and the precepts of positive leadership throughout the Academy.

The goals are three-fold: eliminate misconduct and stress individual accountability; change attitudes and correct biases; and provide well-publicized communication channels

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for grievance, counseling, and support. The latest assessment of the Brigade of Midshipmen, our entire student body, showed improvement on all fronts.

As superintendent, I take very seriously my role in developing the young people who will someday lead this nation. There is no place for dehumanizing "practices that celebrate violence toward women" or any human being at the Naval Academy.

T. C. LYNCH
Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy
Annapolis, Maryland

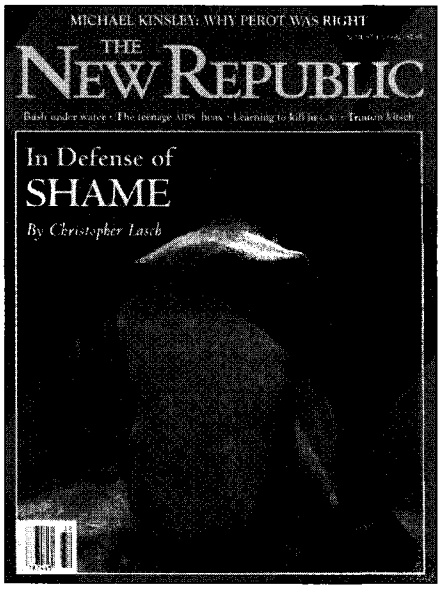
Carol Burke replies:
Admiral Lynch accuses me of inaccuracy but offers no evidence to refute my claims. Instead, he reiterates official policy. I have been away from the Naval Academy for only a year, and I can assure him that during my last year midshipmen continued to tell WUBA (a derogatory term for women midshipmen) jokes, companies awarded cash prizes to the midshipmen who danced with the ugliest female visitors at fall "pig pushes," the Male Glee Club jovially sang of dismembering women, and a secret club calling itself the WUBA KLUX KLAN solicited new members—even in the face of official policy. Until those in positions of power openly acknowledge the persistence of bigotry, all the official policies in the world will not root it out.

Class dismissed

To the editors:
Some of your readers might be interested to know that Christine Stansell's review of my book, *Eleanor Roosevelt: Volume I, 1884-1933*, is a marvel of misinformation ("Wonder Woman," May 25). Her determined misreading of my words and meaning is surpassed only by her bigoted denunciation of Eleanor Roosevelt as forever enslaved to her class and "utterly vacuous" family. Stansell's inability to appreciate texture, discern nuance, and imagine change in a woman's life calls into question her political agenda. Are we seriously meant to believe that one who teaches at such a bastion of accumulated capital as Princeton allows for no intellectual or emotional departure from one's class of origin?

Because Stansell is reputedly a feminist, she might be interested to know that many of us consider it crass to suggest that only "female heterosexual readers" would be interested in Earl Miller and E. R.'s relationship with him. Personally, I believe her implication that lesbians do not or cannot appreciate and be stirred by love in all its variety frankly homophobic.

Since the gravamen of Stansell's review is mean-spirited and fraudulent, a snide dismissal of "a wealthy woman in a state of mild rebellion," it is impossible to do more than correct the most egregious errors: ER became intimate with Lorena Hickok (not Hitchcock) in 1932, when FDR was first nominated for the presidency—not 1940. Vita Sackville-West was married not to Harold Sackville-West but to Harold Nicholson. I do not "whisk over" E. R.'s "sniffy anti-Semitism." I fully discuss her shift from anti-Semitism to vigorous action on behalf of Jews in Europe and North America, and from racism to anti-racism in the United States, in



hundreds of pages in volume II, as I fully explain in this volume.

BLANCHE WIESEN COOK
Easthampton, New York

Machine dreams

To the editors:
Alexander Star's otherwise solid and thoughtful "Machine Dreams" (July 27) misses a fundamental point even while accusing Neil Postman's *Technopoly* of missing it. Of course the "nineteenth-century narrative of technological emancipation" is not "still in place." But a displaced, somewhat abstracted "*myth* of the machine" (as Lewis Mumford called it) very much is in place—in place with Bushine marketeers on the right hand and Bushine handler-spinners at the right foot. Quite diverse Americans, focused on a more fundamental level than econo-technics or media technics, have critiqued that myth of mechanized and "anticipatory" man: Mumford, Loren Eiseley, Allan Tate, Bruno Bettelheim ...

GALE H. CARRITHERS
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

All shook up

To the editors:
Jay Mathews's attempted exposé on federal estimates of earthquake damage ("The Big One," July 27) misinterprets both the science and the politics behind federal earthquake programs. His suggestion that hysterical, politically motivated casualty projections have resulted in some sort of federal entitlement for earthquake research programs is nonsense. In reality, the earthquake hazards budgets of the U.S. Geological Survey and other agencies have failed even to keep up with inflation for the past fifteen years. Furthermore, to the extent that California is better prepared for major earthquakes than it was a decade or two ago, much of the credit must go to the federally funded earthquake program, which has led directly to improved construction techniques, tougher building codes, better search-and-rescue techniques, and more comprehensive public education. That's the real story, and Mathews missed it.

GEORGE E. BROWN JR.
Chairman, Committee on Science, Space, and Technology
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Cheap-chimney

To the editors:
You might wish to inform readers of Mark Thompson's article on the great barbecue wars ("Chim-chiminey," August 3) that they need not spend $10 for a chimney. Recycle a three-pound coffee can by cutting off the bottom and making holes on the sides at the bottom with a beer can opener. Rest the can on four or five coals to leave room for airflow, pack some loose newspaper at the bottom of the can, add coals to the top, and light the paper using the beer can opener holes. Voilà!

BARRY D. BAYER
Homewood, Illinois

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FROM WASHINGTON

128 Skidoo

"Who do you trust in this election? The candidate who raised taxes one time . . . or the other candidate who raised taxes and fees 128 times. . . ?" —George Bush

"How can I help seeing what is in front of my eyes? Two and two are four."

"Sometimes, Winston. Sometimes they are five. Sometimes they are three. Sometimes they are all of them at once."

—George Orwell, *1984*

All politicians lie. Bill Clinton, in my view, has at least shaded the truth about the draft and about Gennifer Flowers. But George Bush's acceptance speech line about the 128 tax increases is a lie of gem-like purity and distilled cynicism. It was false, he (or his speechwriters) knew it was false and knew it was widely known to be false, and he said it anyway.

In 1988 Michael Dukakis said the election was about competence, not ideology, then ran an incompetent campaign. In 1992 George Bush says the election is about "trust" and "character" (as opposed to, say, the economy), then neatly demonstrates his defects in exactly those departments. In doing so, he revealed not just his contempt for the truth, but his contempt for the American political process and his fellow citizens as well. We shall find out if that contempt is deserved.

The week before Bush's speech—when the 128-to-1 canard was already circulating among Republican sound-biters—I wrote a column establishing beyond all honest doubt that both numbers are wildly inaccurate. There's room for quibbles about the exact tally. But, however you measure it, Bush has presided over more separate tax increases in his four years as president than Clinton has in his twelve years as governor.

I do not flatter myself that the president of the United States reads my column. But I do know that the people who prepared Bush's speech had read it, because they cited the column in a supporting document released with the speech text. This document asserts—as if a sufficient refutation—that the piece was "written by liberal columnist Michael Kinsley, and his research assistant, a Clinton campaign volunteer." Research assistant? It's true that I contacted (and quoted) the Clinton campaign. I also got "research assistance" from the Bush campaign. In the journalism business, we call this "reporting."

No "research assistance" was necessary to see that the list of 128 alleged Clinton tax increases circulated by the Bush-Quayle people is a joke. A glance does it. To take the most egregious cases, three of the numbers on the list have no words attached to them *at all.* Another item is a verbatim repetition of a previous item. Even if these and other flaws escaped the notice of Bush-Quayle staffers as they eagerly retyped the list and faxed it around on Bush-Quayle campaign stationery, the problems were all laid out in my column and therefore known to those putting the false words in George Bush's mouth.

Maybe Bush didn't know when he spoke the words that they had been publicly established as untrue. But he knows now. What did he do when he found out? Did he perchance think, "What would my idol, Harry Truman, have done?" Did he call someone on the carpet and say, "How dare you put lies in my mouth?" Apparently not, because the Bushies are still, incredibly, claiming that the statement was accurate. "We stand by the figure 128," said White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater more than a week after Bush's speech.

The Bush campaign has circulated a four-page memo rebutting my previous column. It is headlined: "Clinton's 128 Taxes and Fees: Undeniable." It asserts that "every single substantive charge Michael Kinsley has leveled against the tax and fee list . . . is false or grossly misleading. The list is solid." But in fact the memo does not defend—how could it?—the three totally nonexistent items. Nor does it challenge my count—133—of *Bush* tax increases. It engages in scholastic quibbles about some—but not all—other items I questioned, and I could quibble back. It refuses to back down from the preposterous claim that an extension of dog-racing season was a "tax increase." It dismisses a counterlist of forty-odd Clinton tax *cuts* on the odd grounds that most of them "apply exclusively to businesses," as if that doesn't count and as if Bush objects to business tax cuts.

This memo can't be intended seriously to persuade anyone that the 128 figure is "solid." The Bush campaign's purpose is merely to create the impression that there is some honest controversy—which

continued on page 49

A major civil rights leader shows why "Black people will never gain full equality in this country."

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

SEPTEMBER 21, 1992

NEW WORLD DISORDER

History adores irony. Now that the cold war is over, the uneasy but considerable peace that it begot is over, too. There is no one to replace the commissars—no one to lock vast regions of the world into a hostile bloc, which required us to control other vast regions. This gross and imperial bifurcation, for all its suppression of local traditions and nationalities, at least kept the peace and made every far-off corner of the globe seem strategically urgent. Now most of those places seem not to matter, at least from the standpoint of a cold-blooded calculation of American interests; and even as they recede from our interests, many of them are erupting with armed conflict. With history unfrozen for the first time in nearly half a century, the non-Western world, and Central and Eastern Europe, too, has renewed the bloody attempt to configure tribal borders as political ones.

In retrospect, the cold war offered another advantage: moral and historical clarity. In those nervous years, the choices between good and evil, action and inaction, seemed relatively (though far from always) clear. But consider Somalia today. What does the contemporary American policy-maker do about such a place, where competing warlords create starvation, and where the spectacularly well-heeled Arab League—of which Somalia is a member—refuses even to take notice of the problem? During the cold war, keeping Somalia barely civilized was a simple task. There was only one warlord then, Siad Barre. He was no angel: the beheading of small children and the stabbing deaths of elderly people were some of the punishments that his armed forces meted out to the tribal opposition. But on the chilling numerical scale, his atrocities were slight; and he agreed to keep the Soviets out. When Barre got old and lost his grip on power, and we no longer needed him or any other Somali to fight the Communists, Somalia itself became a writhing nest of tribal gangs that steal famine aid and are armed with too many weapons left over from the cold war.

The famine in Somalia obviously imposes a moral obligation upon those who have the power to stop it. But moral obligations do not always translate easily into foreign policies. Do we invade Somalia to feed the people? We would then have to occupy it for years in order to restart a political process, so that the original famine aid would not have been in vain. This might resemble what the United States did in Germany after the war, with a High Commissioner and an entire military-civilian bureaucracy. Is that a justifiable objective of American foreign policy? Would American taxpayers support it?

Then there are the Balkans, where the indigenous peoples have always hated each other much more than they ever hated any outside invader. Now, alas, there is no invader. And there is no peace. In 1914 war erupted because Balkan divisions fissured laterally into Great Power clashes. In the 1990s war erupts for the opposite reason: because no great power will intervene.

The world labels the Serbian-run detention centers in Bosnia "death camps." It is an overstatement that seems to simplify our choices. Milošević's Serbia is a more complicated challenge to American foreign policy than Hitler's Germany. Moreover, because the United States dithered so long, Serbia has already won the war; it is the unwillingness of the Bosnian government to accept that reality and negotiate—hoping, instead, to draw outsiders into the carnage—that keeps the war going. And an invasion from outside, by stopping the war, would only free up forces for the next phase in the creation of Greater Serbia: the ethnic cleansing of Kosovo and Macedonia. Bosnia represents only a midpoint in a historic cataclysm. And because the Bush administration—seeking the support of the Greek lobby for the November election—refuses to recognize Macedonia, the Serbs now have a green light to extend the war southward.

Not everywhere is it so grim. French West Africa, for instance, is lucky: the French discard political correctness and still act like a colonial power, backing the local currency and keeping crack troops on the ground in key locations. This old-fashioned high-handedness is fostering democracy in unlikely places.

It is not surprising that a foreign policy obsessed with one big cold war would find itself unprepared for many little hot wars. And unprepared we certainly seem to be. Some requirements of the new world disorder are clear. It demands a permanent, beefy military wing of the U.N., willing to shoot, unlike "peacekeepers" (though we remain skeptical of the U.N.'s ability to handle such a charge). And unless Europe and Japan are willing to be as bold and generous as the United States in solving other people's problems, it will also demand an awareness that we Americans can't do everything by ourselves. Still, there is no denying that the solution of the larger and more atrocious conflicts will require the lead of the only superpower that remains. However baffling the new circumstances, this is no time to turn inward. •

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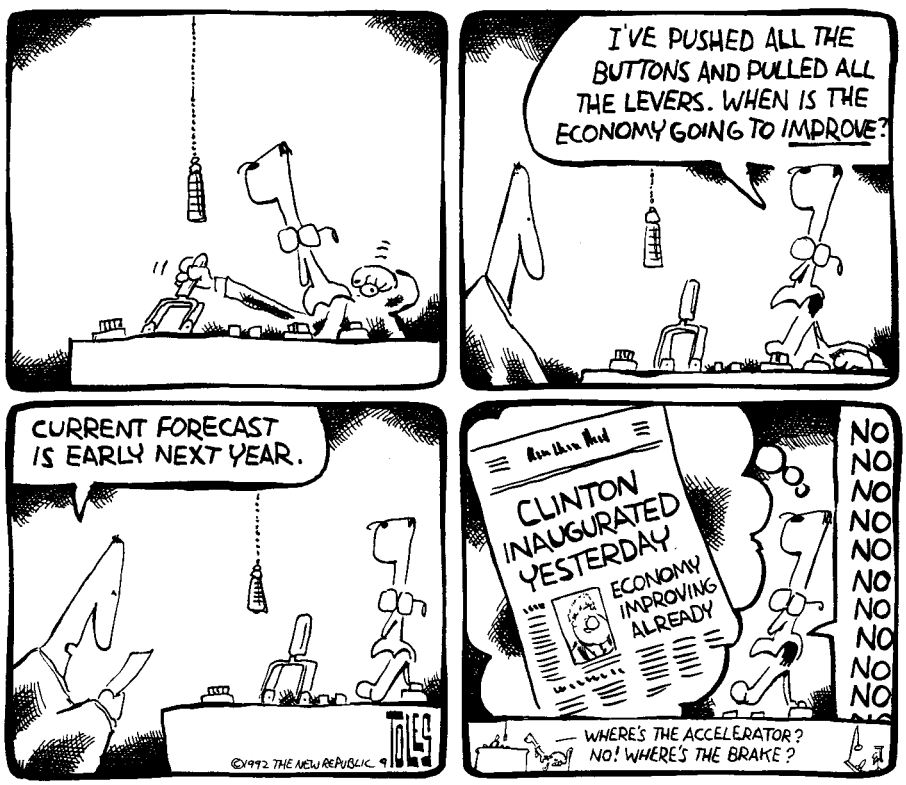
NOTEBOOK

BUSHISM OF THE WEEK: "I was a little negligent in my introductory remarks because sitting over my right shoulder here—albeit a Democrat, this is a non-partisan meeting, so—you're showing the flag here—is Sonny Montgomery, one of the great friends, the friends have ever had, I'll tell you—Congressman Montgomery of Mississippi." —to the American Legion, Chicago, August 25

CLINTON SUCK-UP WATCH: "Nothing more clearly identifies the shared baby-boomer heritage of Bill Clinton and Al Gore than their public insistence that the race for the White House has transformed these one-time political rivals into the closest of friends. Theirs is a comradeship of the road, an intimacy forged by joint bus trips, early-morning jogging excursions, and suddenly shared political self-interest. Last week, for the fourth time since the Democratic Convention, the ten-bus Democratic caravan hit the asphalt on a two-day tour through Texas. Politically, the message was that the Democrats believe that the nation's third most populous state remains a competitive battleground and that they intend to force George Bush to defend his home turf. But the subtext was lifted from a buddy movie: Gore aide Marla Romash likens Bill and Al's excellent adventure to a 'male version of Thelma & Louise.'" —Walter Shapiro, in the September 7 issue of *Time*. Shapiro recently confessed his sins to Howard Kurtz of *The Washington Post*: "It's wanting to be Ben Bradlee to Bill Clinton's Jack Kennedy."


I'VE PUSHED ALL THE BUTTONS AND PULLED ALL THE LEVERS. WHEN IS THE ECONOMY GOING TO IMPROVE?
CURRENT FORECAST IS EARLY NEXT YEAR.
©1992 THE NEW REPUBLIC
TOLES
CLINTON INAUGURATED YESTERDAY
ECONOMY IMPROVING ALREADY
NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO
WHERE'S THE ACCELERATOR? NO! WHERE'S THE BRAKE?

HOLIDAY IN HELL: The following is an excerpt from a recent letter sent to participants in an upcoming academic trip to Central Asia:

> ... The quality of our accommodations will vary. We will probably be housed in a hotel in Alma Ata, and again for one night in Turkestan. The hotel in Turkestan is primitive. The rest of the time we will be staying in people's homes. Homes are generally cleaner than hotels (roaches invaded my toothbrush holder in a government hotel in Kyrgyzstan recently) and the food is less likely to be tainted. But people will be sharing baths (showers are unlikely to be available) and toilets with the family with whom they are staying (not as a group). Bedroom curtains do not block out light.
>
> Food is better in homes, but may still be tainted. Milk products are almost nonexistent today, and are often tainted. Water must not be drunk, unless boiled. Even so I travel with a "six-pack" of Evian to use for tooth-brushing. Mineral water (carbonated) is sold in hotels, but may be contaminated. Bottled soft drinks may be contaminated as well. Foreign water or soft drinks are usually not available. Drinking tea is safest, and vodka is offered at meals for disinfection as much as anything else.
>
> Fruits and vegetables may be contaminated from the overuse of fertilizers. But this year people say that fertilizers are so expensive that their usage has dropped off. The danger there is that fruits have not been washed, or washed with the water that is contaminated.
>
> Meats cooked in people's homes are usually fine. Institutional cooks are less careful, and tainted meat is often cooked up with the fresh....
>
> Make sure to pack some stomach remedies. Some people dose themselves with Pepto-Bismol as prevention. It is also good for a queasy stomach. Immodium A-D liquid (now available over the counter) is a must. Bring two bottles, and then we should have enough to go around if people get sick (five people drank fifteen bottles in Azerbaijan this past September). Take Tylenol, aspirins, cold remedies, and anything else you may think you might need. I have never had bed bugs or got lice in Central Asia. But I may have just been lucky. Mosquitoes are a big problem in summer, but maybe it will be cool enough for them to be gone for the season, by the time we get there....
>
> No one in the former USSR has mastered the idea of a schedule. We will be traveling in a constant state of near chaos. Meetings will be sprung on us and changed with little preparation. Cars will break down, or stop for two-hour breaks to gas up. We will spend a lot of time in each other's company wondering what we will be doing next and when and where we will be fed. When things go wrong I cope by reading detective novels. I bring a lot, because things always go wrong....

NEOCON, HEAL THYSELF: Remember "moral

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equivalence"? It was one of the most powerful weapons in the neoconservative arsenal of the '80s, whose purpose was to establish that the political and philosophical differences between the United States and the Soviet Union were greater than the similarities, that a free country was *essentially* not the same as a totalitarian country. Armed with this weapon, many writers (at this magazine, too) spent the better part of a decade policing the intellectual scene for insupportable analogies. Well, old habits die hard, and we've discovered another such misdemeanor. In the fall catalog of the Free Press, there appears a page of promotion for *Undue Process*, a memoir by Elliott Abrams of his rough handling by Lawrence Walsh. In the middle of the promotion appears this delicious sentence: "It is, in its way, reminiscent of the tragic Soviet political accusations and 'confessions' depicted in Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, replayed in America sixty years later, this time as bitter farce." This, from (or on behalf of) a man who made a career as one of the angry company who went around correcting other people's misreadings of Koestler's lesson! Whatever the prosecutorial excesses of Lawrence Walsh, surely they pale beside the persecutorial excesses of Andrei Vishinsky. Unless, of course, one man's prosecutor is another man's persecutor; but that is precisely how the intellectuals got into this mess. Bitter farce, indeed.

MISS INFORMATION: Although some of the contestants in the recent "Miss Teen USA" pageant are aspiring actresses, the two finalists had to start pretending a little sooner than they'd bargained for. Fearing an interruption from Hurricane Andrew, CBS taped the show early in the day. Fearing that leaks about the victor would spoil the show's suspense, they actually recorded two possible endings—one with each of the two finalists winning. The paragons of American virtue and integrity had to fake winning and sit through two bogus crowning ceremonies; the crowds had to applaud twice. Not even the shaken contestants themselves knew the results until the show aired. Leeza Gibbons, CBS's pageant announcer, defended the trick: "It was a good idea for the girls to have to do the right thing." After all, a perfect teen should know how to lie on behalf of corporate interests.

STAFF BOX: Three additions to our masthead this week: First, Weston Kosova, a former TNR reporter-researcher and, most recently, an editor at the *Washington City Paper*, rejoins us as associate editor. Second, Jeff Rosen, also a former TNR reporter-researcher and, most recently, a clerk at the U.S. Court of Appeals for the D.C. Circuit, is back as our legal affairs editor. Third, Roger Rosenblatt, a former TNR literary editor and the author, most recently, of *Life Itself: Abortion in the American Mind* (Random House), returns as a contributing editor. Welcome home, one and all. •

OREGON POSTCARD

BASHERS

By Robert E. Sullivan Jr.

It's a hot summer night at the New Life Christian Center just outside Portland. After a quick prayer and the Pledge of Allegiance, sixty-five members of the Oregon Citizen Alliance sit down with lemonade and cookies to hear their leader, Lon Mabon, discuss what he calls the war against "the militant homosexual agenda." "They talk about separation between church and state," Mabon (rhymes with Avon) says, sweat dampening his brow. "But we just want a separation between perversion and state." A woman in matching flowered shorts and shirt shouts, "Hallelujah!" A man in brown shorts with dark socks pipes in, "Amen to that!" In a few minutes Mabon's cultural warriors are clucking in disgust at copies of *Heather Has Two Moms* and *Daddy's Roommate*, both children's books that were checked out of the local library by undercover OCA members and were now being shown around.

Mabon's lecture on Portland's business relationship with homosexual companies really works up the guy behind me. "If you're not homosexual, then you won't get the job!" he blurts out. A father of eight complains that he can't possibly compete financially with godless homosexuals, who don't have to feed families or give money to churches. A man who has heard rumors of a "homosexual takeover" south of Oregon stands and shouts, "Frisco's already gone!" A woman takes the microphone, and, with a baby crying in the background, breaks into tears herself as she describes the insidious spread of homosexuality throughout the land. "I think of the kids, and in twenty years from now, how it will all be," she says, her eyes welling up. "And I just. I just..." The woman can't go on. Lon Mabon bows his head.

In November, Oregon will vote on an OCA-sponsored ballot measure that, if passed, would amend the state constitution to allow discrimination against gays and lesbians. It would require schools to teach that homosexuality is, in the words of the measure, "abnormal, wrong, unnatural, and perverse," and therefore "to be discouraged and avoided." If passed, the law will, among other things, bar gay teachers, remove books like *The Color Purple* from libraries, make same-sex parenting illegal, and allow landlords to discriminate against homosexual tenants.

And it may pass. In May the central Oregon town of Springfield voted in favor of a similar measure by 55 percent. Mabon may lose in urban areas, including

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Portland, where 40 percent of the population lives, but most of the state is like Springfield—blue-collar and white. Nevertheless, in an attempt to sound more moderate, OCA has lately stopped referring to Measure 9 as the "Abnormal Behavior Measure," instead calling it the "No Special Rights Measure."

Oregon has a history of being as conservative as it is progressive. Despite Portland's historic tie to Maine, several counties in the southern and central parts of the state still identify their roots in specific counties in the Deep South. It was in those counties that OCA began. In 1987 Mabon, a Vietnam veteran and self-described pot-smoking hippie turned right-wing missionary, opened a tiny office on the second floor of his home in Klamath Falls, just over the California border. At the time, he was still recovering from the failure of his first crusade: the Senate primary campaign of Joe Lutz, a former minister who ran against the liberal Republican Senator Bob Packwood, and almost won. Mabon says it was then that he realized that his own change-the-world generation had changed the world a little too much. He often recounts the moment when he looked up from the T.V. and asked out loud, "Where are all the good people?"

With Lutz and T.J. Bailey, a former Klamath Falls sandwich shop owner and former state Republican chairman who made it a practice to call homosexuals "fairies" in public, Mabon organized the only good people he could find—mostly farmers, fundamentalists, and home schoolers—into a miniature political party. Today OCA has between 130,000 and 145,000 supporters, including a handful of reformed homosexuals (Mabon believes homosexuals can be cured through counseling); Mabon's wife, Bonnie; his parents, Byron and Jeri; and his three children, all of whom are on staff. In past electoral skirmishes over abortion, OCA has managed to win a little more than 10 percent of the vote.

As befits a group that regularly speaks of the wrath of God, Mabon has developed unique techniques of retribution for people who cross him. He runs candidates in state and local elections—not to win, but to split an enemy's votes. He boycotts news organizations hostile to his movement, and recently he protested a local T.V. station's airing of a program characterizing OCA as a hate group. His supporters are said to spread rumors of homosexuality about anti-Mabon politicians. Craig Berkman, the current chairman of the state party and himself an evangelical Christian, claims OCA members insinuated that he is gay, probably because OCA considers Berkman the chief representative of the liberal wing of the state Republican Party. "These people are like a cult," he says. (At least once, Mabon's tactics have backfired. In 1990 OCA ran an independent gubernatorial candidate, inadvertently helping the Democrats win the statehouse. Through a subsequent chain of events, a lesbian was appointed to the state assembly.)

Portland Police Chief Tom Potter has been the subject of numerous photocopied handouts by Mabon, partly because he has spoken supportively of his gay daughter (a city policewoman), and partly because he once discussed rest room etiquette with a group of transvestites ("Chief Potter says it's O.K. for male cross dressers to use the women's rest rooms!!" read one OCA handout). Fred Meyer, a local store chain, was boycotted because it wouldn't allow OCA to collect petition signatures on its grounds. (According to OCA's *Family Journal*, a "fractional percentage that each customer spends at Fred Meyer stores is going to support the militant homosexual agenda.") Though OCA may soon be booted from its offices (Mabon's staff has narrowly avoided eviction twice), the battle against militant homosexuality keeps Mabon and his family in business, and his name on Pat Robertson's Rolodex. Says Peggy Norman, campaign coordinator of No on 9, the chief group opposing Mabon's referendum, "It's their cash cow."

It's also OCA's ticket to a little national media attention, or at least attention from the non-gay national media. Before meeting Mabon, I had to undergo a brief sexuality check ("How do I know you're not a homosexual?" the spokesman asked). Promising that I was straight was enough to allow me the privilege of viewing the latest OCA video: a thirty-minute pseudo-documentary called *Gay Rights?* The video begins with a stern warning from Mabon himself. "The film you are about to see is graphic and frightening," he says. What follow are scenes of people identified as sadomasochists, sex shop owners, and members of the North American Man/Boy Love Association. A subtitle underscores the narration: "This is what *Gay Rights* means." The film features profiles of various pedophiles and extensive coverage of leather jockstrapped men in parades pretending to masturbate—what OCA would have you think is an average day in the life of the typical gay man. Shocking though it was supposed to be, it seemed like the OCA cameraman was having a pretty good time.

ROBERT E. SULLIVAN JR. is a Portland writer.

Has Woody lost it?

BANANAS

By Roger Rosenblatt

Now that a New York judge has mercifully told Woody Allen and Mia Farrow to put a cork in it, one may seize the blessed silence to ask why so many people are upset and enraged by this story. I mean upset and enraged at more than Woody's appalling behavior with his

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ex-girlfriend's adoptive Korean daughter, Soon-Yi.

I think it has to do in part with people being angry at themselves for having assumed that the Woody of the movies was the same as Woody off-screen, the Woody of Elaine's, the clarinet, and the Knicks games. The point has been made that Woody deliberately blurred his private and cinematic personas. But I doubt if people realized how sore they would become once the difference between the two was exposed.

Charlie Chaplin also blurred his fictional character with his own. And since Chaplin was caught in a similar mess—in his case with a 16-year-old (Lita Grey) whom he got pregnant and was ordered to marry—I'd like to use Chaplin to try to explain the anger at Woody.

Both Woody and Chaplin bought their troubles by creating fictional characters of whom audiences had definite expectations. When the artists violated those expectations with their real lives, their audiences were especially appalled because both men had been using their characters to imply, "Love him, love me." As long as people felt that creator and creation were acting the same part, who could turn the boys down?

Yet the love one felt for the Chaplin tramp was a lot more admiring than that extended Woody's New York Jewish neurotic. Think of the tramp in *City Lights.* Here was a near-perfect human being—self-sacrificing, generous, humane, steadfast, in the end, heartbreaking. His total admirability was made palatable by the fact that he was down-and-out and funny; otherwise he would have glowed like a god. Indeed, Chaplin may have created the feet, the smudges, the outfit to make his god less blinding.

Woody's Woody is no such thing. His obsession with success (*Annie Hall*), his hypochondria (*Hannah and Her Sisters*), his envy (*Crimes and Misdemeanors*), his barely submerged lechery (everywhere) make him, at very best, a figure in whom one recognizes the extremes of one's own irritating features. He may be lovable for that, but it is a nerve-wracking kind of love, engendering forgiveness over passion. One reason, I think, the public has chosen to know Woody as "Woody" rather than "Allen" is that the name makes him more lovable than he is. Chaplin needed no such extra boost.

There are two things both fictional characters have in common, though. They are men of principle, and they have a hell of a time getting the girl. When these two elements collided with the real lives of Woody and Chaplin, ka-boom. In real life neither Woody nor Chaplin had the slightest trouble getting the girl—Woody's Louise Lasser, Diane Keaton, and Mia; Chaplin's Paulette Goddard, Pola Negri, Marion Davies, and a bevy more. As for being men of principle, that notion collapsed when the girls they got were *girls.*

While Woody's character is less lovable than Chaplin's, he is more interesting when it comes to this movie-life collision because one identifies more closely with him. Woody, as noted, intentionally created a neurotic who misbehaves. This kind of person is often called a romantic, and the Woody figure is certainly that. It was romanticism that rescued him from the audience's horror and contempt in *Manhattan*—the movie often cited for its parallel to Woody's present mess. In *Manhattan,* Woody's Woody has a love affair with a high school girl (Mariel Hemingway). But the romanticism in *Manhattan* was the audience's as much as the character's. What Woody got people to think as they watched *Manhattan* was: "Well, if the girl is as serene and grown-up as Mariel Hemingway and she teaches Woody about the meaning of love, I guess it's O.K." Only in the movies is a middle-aged whiner fooling around with a girl "who still does homework" O.K.

In short, what Woody has done in his movies is to make people suspend or bury moral judgment by playing on the assumption that as crazy as Woody's Woody could get, he would never get *that* crazy. A high school senior? O.K. But never his girlfriend's daughter! He wouldn't. Would he? To give the real Woody a kind of credit, it was not he who said "never," it was the public, which put itself in the character's skin. Woody, via art, merely made the barely tolerable colorful. At worst he made misdemeanors of crimes.

He did this not simply by raiding his life for his art, but by manipulating his life *in* his art. Chaplin created a wholly superior being. Woody created only a slightly superior being, whose superiority lay solely in the ability to see himself ironically. A psychologist might view this creature as a form of therapy: In the real world Woody feels overwhelmed by his neuroses. But he can wrestle them to the ground on the screen, where they are not monstrous but funny, and short-lived.

Or the manipulation may be more calculated. After his early straight comedies Woody hit upon a character, the Powerful Nebbish, in whom neuroses are made normal. Audiences laugh out of a sense of relief: he's O.K. I'm O.K. And there are so many genuine villains and crazies planted in Woody's movies that the mere neurotic *is* O.K., heroic even.

The calculation here may be that Woody knows that people like to see their own lives as art. In art everything is not only forgivable but beautiful. Who, sunk in his despair, would not like to be able to step away from reality and behold himself as a player in the human comedy? The identification thus is not only with Woody's Woody, but with the man himself, who has brilliantly manufactured a life-in-art, a way out, a movie.

Woody has created this complicated soup, and the audience has found it delicious, at least until lately, because whatever else may be said of him, Woody has genius. Do not for a moment think that Woody could not rebound from his current jam and make a *Manhattan* sequel in which Mia is portrayed as the shrewish ex-non-wife and Woody winds up cheered as the best thing to happen to Korea since Truman.

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I wonder if Woody sees that he has crossed the line, that he ought to have kept his life closer to his art. Or maybe he thinks life really is a movie, or worse, a stand-up. At his press conference it was embarrassing enough to hear the enemy of cant speak of his new "positive" relationship, but then to hear him characterize his remarks as "straight lines" seemed to show that Woody hasn't the slightest idea where he is playing these days. •

Representative Solarz goes Latino.

WANDERING JEW

By Richard Bernstein

It ought to seem strange, in a country where the voters are supposed to decide such things, for the leading members of the political class to call publicly on a prominent nine-term congressman to withdraw from a primary campaign. But a posse of New York political figures, from Mario Cuomo to Al Sharpton, Mayor David Dinkins, City Council President Andrew Stein, and former Representative Herman Badillo, has done just that with Stephen J. Solarz, the Democratic representative from Brooklyn. It should also appear odd that none of these figures has charged Solarz with being a lesser candidate than any of his opponents. If anything, he is viewed as the figure in the race with the greatest skill and experience. But Solarz, running in the Democratic primary in a newly created "Hispanic district"—his own Brooklyn constituency having been divided up in the post-census reapportionment—is guilty of one serious fault. He is not Hispanic. He is, in other words, ethnically incorrect.

To be fair, it must be said that the members of the political class have varied in their objections to Solarz's attempt to hold on to a seat in Congress. Cuomo delicately expressed "regret" that Solarz "felt he had to choose that area," meaning the new 12th congressional district, designed to enhance the power of Hispanics. Dinkins and Stein have both publicly asked Solarz to withdraw, Stein darkly warning that if Solarz wins the primary vote on September 15, "The resentment and anger within the new district could be explosive." Sharpton accused Solarz of being a "racist" for running at all. (Sharpton, by the way, is a candidate in the New York Democratic senatorial primary. Presumably he will need some white votes.) Badillo reprimanded him for not choosing to run in an ethnically nearer district.

Others have chimed in. Jack Newfield of *Newsday* called Solarz an "ethnic arsonist." Sydney Schanberg of the same newspaper termed him the House Opportunist. Nydia Velasquez, a leading Hispanic candidate in the race and a former short-term member of the New York City Council, declared at a news conference: "Carpetbaggers, move over! Our time has come." Perhaps most incendiary of all (speaking of arsonists) was Armando Montano, a Latino voting rights activist, who said last month: "It is time for the Jewish community to share with the Latino community, because they can't have everything."

In short, as Solarz campaigns in the new district, which was created to comply with the Voting Rights Act, the politics of ethnic identity have reached a new stage of intensity in New York. The winner of nine congressional races in a row, some by margins of 80 percent or more, Solarz saw his old, heavily Jewish district eliminated altogether in the reapportionment. A few shards ended up in the new Hispanic district, whose very appearance on the map raises doubts about ethnic gerrymandering.

The district is a cartographic absurdity. Far from approximating a neighborhood or anything close to a coherent geographical region, it looks like a piece of unraveled thread lying across the face of three New York boroughs. The district starts in Elmhurst, Queens, twists and curls its way across the border to Brooklyn, narrows almost to nothingness along some non-Hispanic stretches, and then broadens to engulf the desired population before spiraling up again into lower Manhattan. Nor is it socially or culturally homogeneous. The gerrymandered 12th, while an effort to group Hispanics together in a single voting region, is actually an ethnic mélange that reflects the rapid and inchoate growth of the minority population in New York and the influx of new immigrants. Its ethnic breakdown is roughly 55 percent Hispanic, 21 percent Asian, 16 percent white, and 8 percent black.

So should a prominent, well-financed white Jew run in a district created to "empower" Hispanics? There is nothing in the Voting Rights Act that prohibits a white candidate from running in a minority district, any more than a black or Hispanic would be prohibited from running in a "white" district. Still, one could argue, as Solarz's opponents do, that minority candidates are not the same as white candidates. Past and present discrimination mean that blacks and Hispanics are underrepresented in Congress, and thus electoral affirmative action is not only justified, but necessary to boost their numbers. Solarz himself, after all, certainly benefitted from being Jewish in his old and defunct district.

There are some prominent Hispanics vying for the newly created seat, including Velasquez, who used to be the head of Puerto Rico's Department of Community Affairs in the United States. There is also Ruben Franco, former president and general counsel of the Puerto Rican Defense and Education Fund, and Elizabeth Colon, previously the executive director of the Association of Puerto Rican Executive Directors. Hispanics represent a quarter of the population of New

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York City, but they have only one of the twelve New York congressional seats, which is held by Jose Serrano of the Bronx. Couldn't it be said that Solarz, who has more to spend than any of his opponents and could well profit from a Hispanic vote splintered among the several Hispanic candidates, stands in the way of a more just Hispanic representation in Congress? "Let the Congress look like America," Jesse Jackson said in New York, giving his endorsement to Velasquez. "Open up the process to those who have been locked out by law to participate." Jackson then struck a wider theme. He said that Velasquez, who is Puerto Rican, represents the "multicultural face of America today."

Solarz's own argument, of course, is different. The other day, while campaigning at a street fair in the Sunset district of Brooklyn, he encountered a group of young Hispanic men, and the conversation that ensued neatly crystallized the two positions. "You shouldn't be running here," said one man, who seemed to be in his early 20s. "You should give a Puerto Rican a chance to win." Solarz replied by arguing that empowerment did not necessarily mean electing one of your own, but having the capacity to elect the person who would best serve your interests. In the 1973 mayoral primary in New York, he said, he endorsed Herman Badillo, who was Hispanic, rather than the Jewish Abraham Beame, "because I thought Badillo would do the best job." Solarz did not point out that Badillo has conspicuously not returned the favor.

The flaw of the argument against Solarz being in the race is the same as in the broader multiculturalist initiative. More and more the reality is that diversity is being suppressed in the name of diversity, in favor of mandatory agreement with the proposition that race and ethnicity must be the essential and overriding elements in any choice, whether it be hiring a professor, or assigning books in a college course, or casting a vote.

Ironically, one of the few public figures to speak out against this affirmative action in electoral politics was Serrano. He told Sam Roberts of *The New York Times* that several of the Hispanic figures in the race should, rather than complain about Solarz's presence, unite behind one of their number and thereby avoid fragmenting their vote. "I don't want people to go around saying we're not fit to represent other districts," he said, "or saying when a Puerto Rican runs for mayor that Puerto Ricans aren't the majority."

Solarz, campaigning the other day in various ethnically diverse neighborhoods, elaborated on the point. Referring to the comments of the young men on the street, he allowed that their point of view was "understandable but ultimately fallacious, because it assumes that you can only be represented by somebody of the same ethnic or racial identity." Solarz asked about the others in the district, the Chinese, the Koreans, the Bangladeshis, the Jamaicans, the American blacks, and the other non-Hispanics, noting that, while there is a great deal of ethnic variety in the 12th congressional district, there is a great similarity of needs, for education, housing, better health care, and more personal security.

And so Solarz campaigns. He's been showing up at subway stations at 6:30 a.m. to hand out leaflets and to shake hands. Radio spots that have him speaking in his recently acquired Spanish have been aimed at the Spanish-language stations. It's not clear whether he will win, but the reaction of Latino voters on the street has not been hostile. The other day, a sunny Saturday, Solarz spent the morning walking the Bushwick District of Brooklyn handing out bilingual flyers and giving away plastic shopping bags with the motto "*Solarz para el congreso.*" Over and over he said things like, "*Buenos días, mi amigo. Yo soy el congresista Solarz. Yo necesito su ayuda.*" One man, speaking with a Spanish accent, said to him, "I don't care if you're Jewish or Irish, you've got my vote." Another man said, "There are no Jews here. You should go where your people are."

In the afternoon Solarz worked the street fair in Sunset where he had his exchange with the young Hispanic men. Here was the much discussed new diversity of New York. There were Bangladeshi groceries near the Brooklyn Islamic Center and the Anwas bin Yasser Mosque. There was a Puerto Rican voter registration booth, tables piled high with knit cloths and other African fabrics, a Gay Men's Health Crisis booth; there were pizza parlors and palm readings by Mrs. Rose (Solarz asked her, "Am I going to win or lose?"). Across the street was the Aden Paradise Cafe, and down 8th Avenue was the Yung Wah Supermarket, which in turn was near a shop with the sign, "Spracet do Polski—Electronics." At the head of the fair was something called Ben and Jerry's Traveling Show, which featured an immense black inflated gorilla, a grimacing three-story King Kong held down by cables. "That's how the opposition sees me," Solarz said. " I'm the 800-pound gorilla, except in white face."

RICHARD BERNSTEIN is a reporter for *The New York Times.*

A report from East Africa.

FOOD FOR NAUGHT

By Jonathan Stevenson

A couple of weeks ago I sat in CARE's office in Mogadishu, Somalia's leprous capital, and listened to one of the organization's logistics experts lecture about how Somali clan culture actually condones looting as a mechanism of distributive justice. This, he said, is why half of the dry food that CARE trucks from Mogadishu's port to distribution cen-

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ters around the country is stolen en route by drug-addled gunmen. Such behavior is inevitable, I was told, in a nomadic Muslim society composed of extended genealogical networks—clans and subclans—that exalt blood over community. It is "Somali democracy."

CARE maintains that the solution to the problem is simply more food. The idea is that even if, as many believe, local merchants who control the looters hoard the stolen food, sooner or later the food will reach the people. The key is to keep the food pipeline full enough to lower prices and liberate stockpiles, wherever they are. This approach, according to the CARE worker, will lead Somalia to a "monetization of the market"—and, eventually, to civil stability.

It was a lame sermon, dripping with political correctness, warlord propaganda, and weary defeat. The typical Somali woman has watched her husband slain by soldiers in the civil war, the family's livestock slaughtered for rations, her children transmogrified or simply exterminated by malnutrition. Then she has stumbled through the bush to an unfamiliar city that she believes draws food aid. She doesn't care about the state of the marketplace in the future. She wants to get food for herself and whatever children she has left now. But being displaced, she and her family are estranged from their clan and can expect no voluntary help from local clans.

The International Committee of the Red Cross doesn't buy CARE's trickle-down philosophy. The Red Cross's basic approach is to make the food less attractive to looters by cooking it in outdoor kitchens once it is transported and feeding the people on the spot. While CARE has merely paid security teams based at Mogadishu port extortionate sums to guard food convoys that they often loot anyway, the Red Cross has negotiated individual arrangements for security and distribution with local clan elders to minimize hijacking between port and kitchen. Almost all of the food dispatched to some 500 Red Cross kitchens throughout Somalia reaches the 700,000-plus unarmed refugees it is supposed to feed every day.

The Red Cross has painstakingly shown people who have known only stingy nomadic subsistence the benefits of rationing and sharing. And it has won at least the partial cooperation of a culture that others, in the guise of tolerance, have dismissed as hopelessly recalcitrant. These efforts should signal the United Nations that Somali clan politics are intensely local but not utterly intransigent.

And indeed the U.N. finally seems to have awakened to this reality, just as the international community is starting to rally with massive pledges of food aid. With the two main warlords' hard-earned consent, the U.N. will deploy 500 armed troops to keep the untrustworthy food security teams in line within Mogadishu, and might deploy 3,000 more at four other food entry points. It may soon begin a program to sell some food cheaply to merchants in order to undersell the looters. Most importantly, it is trying to persuade clan elders that Somalis themselves must pick up the slack and safeguard food distribution in Somalia's interior. If they don't, the unchecked venality that hovers around food shipments may bring more bloody conflict, leaving famine a secondary concern once again.

No doubt the Security Council's previous neglect of Somalia in favor of the Balkans has something to do with its erstwhile bewilderment and disgust with the Somalis' unregenerate clan culture. But there's also no denying that as Europe has lobbied frenetically for help to Bosnia and Herzegovina, black African countries have not even treated Somalia to so much as a pep talk. These nations are poor and generally unstable, so they can't be expected to bankroll relief efforts. But they can and should be expected to lend moral support within the U.N. to starving neighbors—particularly after their clamor for an African secretary-general. In any event, Boutros Boutros-Ghali's provocative rhetoric and tours by Western government officials have finally pushed Somalia to the front of the world hunger stage. The rest of East Africa waits in the wings.

The agonizing civil war in south Sudan, for instance, has conspired with drought to threaten close to 10 million people with starvation. Although Sudan, unlike Somalia, does have a recognizable central government, its war is feverishly religious, and the Christian/animist Sudanese People's Liberation Army may soon fall to Muslim fundamentalist government forces. Once that happens, government discrimination against non-Muslim refugees may skew the distribution of relief just as radically as anarchical clan treachery has done in Somalia. Payback is the idiom of East Africa, but the rule is that innocents always get hurt.

The crisis in Sudan coalesced three months ago, when the central government in Khartoum, suspicious that Red Cross workers were aiding the SPLA, pressured the relief organization into leaving south Sudan. In July the SPLA turned around and barred the U.N. from airlifting food into Juba, stranding more than 300,000 starving people, because it believed the U.N. was transporting military supplies for the government. The ban was not lifted for more than a month, and airlifts are still plagued by unfriendly SPLA fire. Tens of thousands of Sudanese boys, ripped by Sudan's war from cattle farms or by Ethiopia's war from refugee camps there, face military enslavement as their best alternative to starvation. The others don't even have that option, but must simply try to survive on the slow drip of relief.

Ethiopia, too, waits for relief, though famine there is an endemic problem, not an emergent one. Africa's deadly one-two—drought and civil war—fueled the famine in 1984 and 1985, and continues to do so now. After last June's failed experiment with pluralist democratic elections, the separatist Oromo Liberation Front resumed guerrilla activities in the south, which may effectively quarantine the region from aid. Even before that, millions were close to starvation in the northeast following the civil war with Eritrea, and in the southern

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and eastern parts of the country as a result of drought and banditry. Ironically, Ethiopia has been the haven of choice for Somalia, having absorbed nearly half a million refugees since Somali dictator Siad Barre's overthrow in January 1991.

Kenya, compared with its three neighbors to the north, is a peaceable kingdom. The fact that some of its population is starving too is a reminder that mass hunger is basically caused by drought, overpopulation, and poverty, and is merely turned into famine by war. It is a vortex that increasingly characterizes the entire region of East Africa. There are no meccas in East Africa, only shifting places of refuge for starving and uprooted people. Present instabilities and a ceaseless flow of bad blood make almost everyone's life destitute and volatile.

One of the gunmen I hired in Mogadishu, Bashir Mohamed el-Amin, turned out to be an Eritrean. He had come to Somalia in 1978 to escape drought and the civil war in Ethiopia, which claimed his father and two brothers. Somalia had battled Ethiopia over the Ogaden throughout the '70s and early '80s, and in 1984 Bashir was arrested and imprisoned for espionage. He was not set free until 1991, when Somali rebels sprung him after ousting Siad Barre. Now he is trying to earn enough money to return to Eritrea; but he is not sure, having fled, that he will be welcome there or, being Eritrean, that he would be accepted in Ethiopia. In Somalia, he must constantly watch his back because he's not a member of any clan.

Bashir is a man without a country in a country that is not really a country. There's a true East African.

JONATHAN STEVENSON is a free-lance writer based in Nairobi, Kenya.

The trouble with the U.N.

SYSTEM FAILURE

By Shirley Hazzard

Following the dissolution of Soviet hegemony in the autumn of 1989, political commentators around the world greeted the prospects for "a bold pattern of peacekeeping for the post-cold war world," in the words of *The New York Times*. Peacemaking would be coordinated "through the U.N., which for virtually the first time in its history is functioning as it was designed to." The sempiternal spokesmen for the United Nations affirmed the onset of a U.N. "renaissance"; the organization was presented to the world, as if afresh, as a repository of unspent powers and latent hopes.

This optimism was unrelated to history or personal experience, or to factual realities. The U.N. was incapable of rising to that immense occasion; still less, of foreseeing it; and least of all, of having nurtured it. Indeed, it cannot be accurately said that the agglomeration called "the United Nations" was ever "designed" to function.

The U.N. was established with four principal elements. Among them, the Security Council was dominant. The veto power vested in the Council's permanent members—that is, in the "great powers"—created a formidable obstacle not only to action but to the intelligent study of action.

The General Assembly was, in its political function, all but immobilized by its unwieldy membership and eager immersion in procedural futility. The immeasurable potential of a competent international secretariat for objective and positive influence was recognized from the first by the big powers and neutralized by a succession of governmental conspiracies and violations. (The appointment, and reappointment, of Kurt Waldheim as secretary general, while a prominent illustration of governmental strangulation of the secretariat, is only one item in a destructive process affecting every aspect of U.N. operations.)

The fourth element in the U.N.'s composition was the citizenry of the world, in whose name the organization was created. The public interest has never been represented in U.N. councils, except as dubiously interpreted by governments. Nor, for its part, has the public claimed its right to scrutinize the organization or require that it be held accountable for its actions.

Nothing in this U.N. "system," with its unresponsiveness to the fears, longings, and despair of populations, had prepared it for the clamorous eruption of this long excluded fourth element. Deprived of coherence and led by timorous and undistinguished men, the organization was unable to perform those feats of reason and of visionary activism conjured by the media in the wake of the Soviet collapse. When the U.N. declared itself an arena for a "new world order," it was clear that such an arena would, once again, reflect governmental policies. The first product of the new order was war.

Bear in mind that, both nominally in its charter and in the public imagination, the U.N. exists above all as an agency for the prevention of conflict: that is the sole basis from which the organization can command wide public interest and expectations, as it briefly did under Dag Hammarskjöld in the late 1950s. In the Persian Gulf crisis of 1990-91, however, the theater of the U.N. was employed to legitimize a war, grievous in itself and dangerous to regional and global stability, of which the moral and economic necessity remains unclear. While it inflicted great suffering on the peoples of Iraq, it did not achieve the removal of Saddam Hussein.

The U.N. thus appeared to have passed from long years of ineffectuality at keeping peace to the sponsor-

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ship of a bizarre and terrible war. In reality, it had deepened its accessibility to manipulation by the great powers and had intensified the world crisis.

The U.N.'s near-paralysis over the last thirty years, so long indulged or ignored, coincided with a period of incessant hostilities and persecutions, of social calamity and economic disorder. Even when originating in cold war tensions, these conflicts rapidly passed beyond the control of the big powers themselves, contributing—in Vietnam, Cambodia, and Afghanistan, for instance—to a gigantic cycle of retaliation and disaffection ever more impervious to mediation. The collapse of the Soviet dictatorship has released the pent-up resentment of afflicted peoples and a consuming desire, on the part of entire populations, to escape from their unhappy homelands. The convergence of desperation and adversity, the endangerment even of valid institutions of liberty and order, and the rise of violence and of systematic cruelty create an almost palpable foreboding. In the words of Burckhardt, "The historical process suddenly accelerates in terrifying fashion."

It is against this background that the U.N., in everlasting thrall to nationalism and eternally mired in administrative chaos, has shown itself not renascent, but helpless and exposed. The virtual absence of an independently written history of the body and the lack of rigorous investigative journalism perpetuate the ill health of the organization.

In 1990 Nicholas Hinton, director-general of the Save the Children Fund, appealed for an independent watchdog body that would bring the U.N. and its agencies under proper public scrutiny. It is extraordinary that this modest and rational proposal should have to be brought forward as an innovation nearly half a century after the fact. Now it is too late for this kind of moderate measure. Immediate intervention is required. Decades have been lost; the days and hours bring new emergencies. Reproved by its own long-suffering field personnel, the U.N. administration has shown itself, for all its greater funds and advantages, less prompt and enterprising than the Red Cross or the smallest voluntary agencies. The confused state of the numerous U.N. relief agencies has been the subject of scandal and concern for many years.

The U.N. was established as a place of standards, an institution in which candor and harmony between citizens and nations would be encouraged. Instead, it is the most secretive institution I have ever had to deal with, and the most fearful. If I no longer have confidence, as I once did, that events will propel it irresistibly into the light of day, allowing new forms of international mediation to take its place, that is because circumstances no longer seem conducive to such a rational and generous resolution of the present impasse—and because the United Nations itself has clung too long to its particular darkness.

SHIRLEY HAZZARD is the author of *Countenance of Truth: The United Nations and the Waldheim Case* (Viking).

A report from Bosnia.

CITY OF FEAR

By Anna Husarska

BANJA LUKA

The tree trunks in the main street here are covered with a patchwork of death announcements, testimony to four months of bloodletting. "Ilic Drazenko, 24 years old; died in defense of his country," reads one of the fliers, which is adorned with an Orthodox Serb cross. "Skopljak (Muhamed) Sadik, age 21" also died defending *his* country. As it happens, it was the same country: Bosnia and Herzegovina. The two were likely fighting each other; the announcement of Muhamed's death is adorned with a crescent—he was a Muslim.

Posted among the death announcements are hand-lettered ads written by Serbs desperate to swap their houses in towns still held by Muslims for anything in Serb-controlled territory. An offer of a sixty-nine-square-meter flat in Sarajevo sounds surreal—a bit like an invitation to a beheading—and it is unlikely that anybody will jump at the offer. Instead, as Muslims flee the "ethnic cleansing" campaign, many Serbs have moved into Banja Luka's scores of freshly abandoned houses.

The Serbs, headed by Radovan Karadzic, now control 70 percent of the former republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina; Banja Luka is their main town in the north. At first they called this self-styled country "the Serbian Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina"; now they have shortened it to the "Serbian Republic." The resemblance to the former Yugoslavian republic of Serbia is intentional. The composite area would be Greater Serbia.

After initially supporting the Bosnian Serbs, the Serb-led Yugoslav National Army, or JNA, theoretically withdrew from this territory in June. But some 80,000 uniformed Serb troops have stayed behind with weapons, ammunition, cars, helicopters, even MiG fighters. The badges on the soldiers' uniforms have changed slightly, but their belt buckles are still engraved with the old insignia. On army vehicles, the letters "JNA" are barely visible beneath a thin coat of white paint.

Despite extensive reports to the contrary, the defense minister of this "Serbian Republic," Lieutenant Bogdan Subotic, insists that his army does not engage in ethnic cleansing. After shocking TV images of skeletal figures behind barbed wire fences were broadcast around the world, Serbs became more cautious. Some of the detention camps have since been moved. Others are inaccessible to journalists or even the special U.N. rapporteur on human rights violations (who was refused entry because he did not ask for permission far enough in advance).

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The Serbs have adopted other methods of ethnic cleansing, for instance pressuring Muslims into fleeing the region by enforcing harsh regulations that apply only to them. This is especially evident in the case of Celinac, a town of 4,500 people a few miles east of Banja Luka. A Serb dissident in Belgrade gave me a copy of a document issued in late July by the "war presidency" of Celinac that confirmed the worst stories later told to me by Banja Luka's Muslims. The decree imposes apartheid-like restrictions on Celinac's non-Serbs. "Due to military actions in Celinac," the document declares, all non-Serbs are given a "special status." In addition to a 4 p.m. to 6 a.m. curfew, non-Serbs are forbidden to:

—meet in cafés, restaurants, or other public places
—bathe or swim in the Vrbanija or Josavka rivers
—hunt or fish
—move to another town without authorization
—carry a weapon
—drive or travel by car
—gather in groups of more than three men
—contact relatives from outside Celinac (all household visits must be reported)
—use means of communication other than the post office phone
—wear uniforms: military, police, or forest guard
—sell real estate or exchange homes without approval

Also outlined are the obligations of non-Serbs in Celinac. They must fulfill the tasks assigned to them by the Serbs, behave in a disciplined way, and "mustn't show contempt for the struggle of the Serb population for its independence." They must also "accept and breed cattle if the military authorities demand it."

Journalists cannot move freely around Serb-controlled Bosnia. So, along with colleagues from Canada, Britain, and Spain, I went to the military press center in Banja Luka and asked its director, Major Milovan Milutinovic, for a permit to go to Celinac. At first he claimed not to know of such a town. I pointed it out on the map. Yes, he knew the town, he said, but we couldn't go there. Fundamentalist *mujaheddin* there are waging a jihad against the Serb population, and for our security it would be better if we did not go there. But, he said with a sly smile, he would be more than happy to give us a permit to go anywhere else.

While his assistant typed the travel permit, the major briefed us on what he said were atrocities committed by Muslims against the Serb population. The *mujaheddin* kill Muslims, Croats, and Serbs alike, he warned, and then roast them on a spit. The major showed us a long scroll of paper covered with Arabic script. It had been found on a jihad fighter, he said, explaining that it was a call to arms against the Serbs, promising salvation to anyone who died in defense of Islam.

At last we were handed the permit: it authorized us to tour Banja Luka, speak with citizens, and leave at 3 in the afternoon to go back to the border of Serb-controlled, U.N.-supervised Croatia.

In Banja Luka's Muslim office of humanitarian aid, Merhamet, I heard stories that explained why one-fifth of the city's Muslims—some 10,000—have left. In the last two weeks alone several Muslim-owned businesses have been destroyed. A shop across from the mosque was blown up with dynamite; a bomb was placed inside a restaurant. Families barricade themselves in their homes during the strict 10 p.m. to 5 a.m. curfew. Women are often attacked in the street and their jewelry stolen. Only old men now attend noon prayer at the mosque. The young are afraid that if they go into the street they will be drafted into the Serb army.

Everyone I met in Merhamet had been fired: lawyers, doctors, clerks, tailors. None would give his name. Their stories were similar: one said his neighbor, a 35-year-old taxi driver, had been killed in the night; one said his brother had been taken to the Manjaca detention camp; the aunt of another had her house taken away during her absence; one had his car confiscated and was given a receipt: "Taken for military use."

As I listened to the horror stories, I was struck by the memory of the monument I had seen earlier that morning in Jasenovac, a town forty miles north of Banja Luka. A huge concrete flower, it was erected in memory of the dozens, some say hundreds of thousands, of Serbs—today's bad guys—as well as Jews and Communists slaughtered there by the Croats during World War II. Meanwhile, on tree trunks across Banja Luka, the region's new monument to the dead is appended daily. •

Reassessing Justice Thomas.

NEVER MIND

By Jeff Rosen

A year ago, when Clarence Thomas was nominated to the Supreme Court, I wrote an article for this magazine arguing that he had been unfairly portrayed as an unpredictable conservative activist. (See "Thomas's Promise," September 9, 1991.) His writings about natural law and governmental power suggested that he had libertarian leanings, and I concluded optimistically that Thomas would be a strict constructionist who would vigorously enforce rights enumerated in the Constitution while refusing to invent new ones, and who would defer to Congress on questions where the Constitution is silent.

Thomas's performance during his hearings was a disappointment. He endorsed the activist reasoning that his speeches had ridiculed (locating a right to use contraceptives in the penumbrae of the Bill of Rights); and he recanted his speeches about natural law, suggesting not only that he hadn't written them, but that he had an incomplete understanding of what his ghostwriters were saying. Nevertheless, I recognized the political constraints of the hearings and continued to hope for

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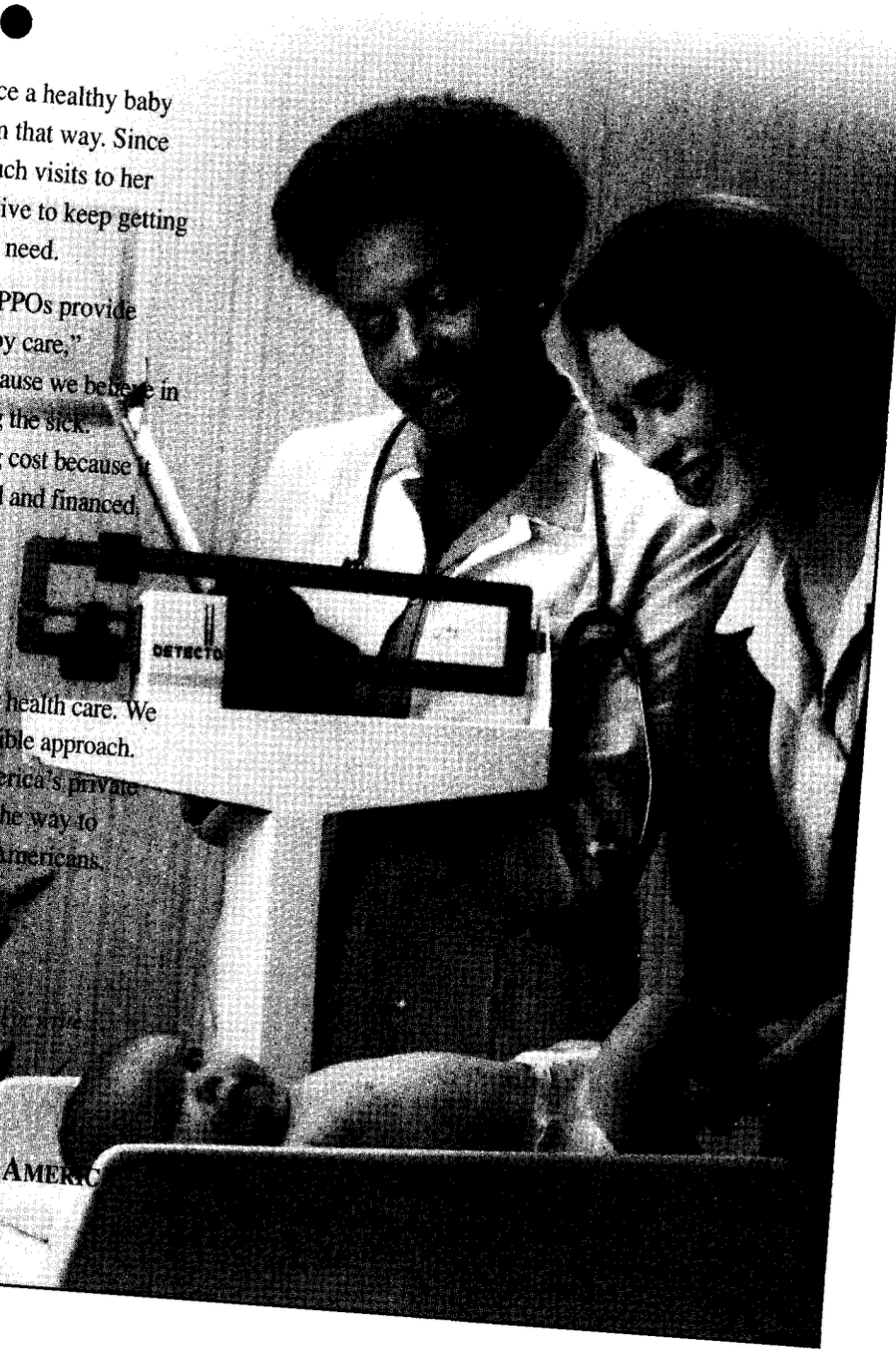

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vindication from Thomas's work on the Court.

Having pored over Justice Thomas's maiden opinions, concurrences, and dissents, I can now say this: *mea culpa.* A third Thomas has emerged on the bench—not the strict constructionist of his speeches or the woolly activist of his hearings, but a malignant hybrid: a conservative activist sanctimoniously posing as a strict constructionist. Far from being a principled judicial conservative, Thomas has shown in his decisions a bold tendency to misconstrue statutes by substituting his own intentions for those of Congress. In a series of loosely reasoned and hyperbolic dissents, he abandoned his suspicion of state power and strained to favor the executive at every turn. And despite his pretentious detours into ancient cases ("As Chief Justice Montague explained over four centuries ago, *colore officii sui*. . . ."), Thomas repeatedly mischaracterized history and precedent, basing his conclusions on policy judgments alone.

In *Wright* v. *West*, a critical case about habeas corpus, Thomas openly broke President Bush's promise that he would "avoid the tendency to legislate from the bench." The habeas corpus statute is the last resort for prisoners who have been convicted in state court to have the constitutionality of their convictions—or their death sentences—reviewed in federal court. But over the past four years Chief Justice Rehnquist, supported by the Bush administration, has lobbied Congress to amend the statute in a way that would eviscerate it, requiring federal courts to defer to state courts if their legal conclusions are "reasonable," rather than making an independent judgment about whether the conclusions are correct. Congress has repeatedly rejected Rehnquist's proposals, which would greatly increase the odds of prisoners being executed for the errors of their state-appointed lawyers; but the Rehnquist Court has taken it upon itself to enact some of the proposals that Congress rejected. During Thomas's hearings, the nominee denounced these recent decisions as "conservative activism."

In his opinion on the *Wright* case, however, Thomas went far beyond the activism he had denounced. His position was so extreme that only Rehnquist and Justice Scalia joined him, depriving his opinion of the force of law. Not only did Thomas indicate his willingness to adopt the relaxed standard of review, he denied that Congress and the Supreme Court had repeatedly rejected it. Instead of overruling the Warren Court cases that required more rigorous review, Thomas insisted that they meant the opposite of what they said. (Justice O'Connor methodically exposed his selective quotations.) And in a single, conclusory sentence, Thomas dismissed the arguments of a host of bipartisan senators, scholars, and establishment lawyers who had filed amicus briefs warning that the Bush administration was arguing for "judicial activism of the rankest kind."

Thomas's angry dissents in criminal cases followed the same pattern of mischaracterizing history and precedent. In *Hudson* v. *McMillian*, he argued that a prisoner who had been punched in the face by his guards had not suffered "cruel and unusual punishment"; and he criticized seven of his colleagues for expanding the Eighth Amendment "beyond all bounds of history and precedent." His dissent was widely viewed as an example of his bloodless fidelity to the doctrine of original intention, since it began by insisting that the Framers understood "cruel and unusual punishment" to include only punishments imposed by judges, rather than those inflicted by prison officials.

In fact, Thomas's devotion to original intention was fainthearted rather than scrupulous. Although he complained that a 1976 decision had "cut the Eighth Amendment loose from its historical moorings," Thomas was unwilling to follow his own historical claims to their logical conclusion, which would entail, he suggested, a return to the days when guards could beat prisoners with constitutional impunity. (Thomas's historical claims themselves are open to question, since at the time of the founding most convicts were hanged or deported rather than sent to prison.) In a clear contradiction, furthermore, Thomas conceded that the Constitution now protects prisoners from "serious injury"; but he insisted on deferring to the lower court's bizarre finding that Hudson's injuries—loose teeth and a cracked dental plate—were not "serious." And his reason for rejecting O'Connor's test (have prison guards "maliciously and sadistically use[d] force to cause harm"?) was that she failed to give proper weight to "the constraints facing prison officials."

In *Riggins* v. *Nevada*, another 7-2 decision, Thomas disagreed that the State of Nevada violated a murder convict's right to a fair trial when it forced him, without good reason, to take an antipsychotic drug throughout the proceeding. After irrelevant quotations from seventeenth-century English law ("when Prisoners come to the Bar to be tryed, their Irons ought to be taken off, so that they be not in any Torture . . . "), Thomas conceded that the state may have violated Riggins's "liberty interests" when it drugged him against his will. But he insisted that Riggins's trial was "fair" nevertheless because his lawyers had not proved conclusively that the outcome would have been different if his constitutional rights had not been violated; and in any event, it was too late for the Court to "undo any violation that has occurred, or punish those responsible." In other words, instead of strictly construing the right to fair trial, Thomas balanced the constitutional right against his personal estimation of the value of enforcing it.

Thomas's most jarring statement of the term was buried in footnote 12 of *Foucha* v. *Louisiana*, a 5-4 decision. His colleagues struck down a law allowing patients who had been acquitted by reason of insanity to be held indefinitely in mental hospitals, even after the state concluded that they were no longer mentally ill. In a sarcastic dissent, Thomas insisted that the "freedom from bodily restraint" protected by the due process clause means "quite literally freedom not to be

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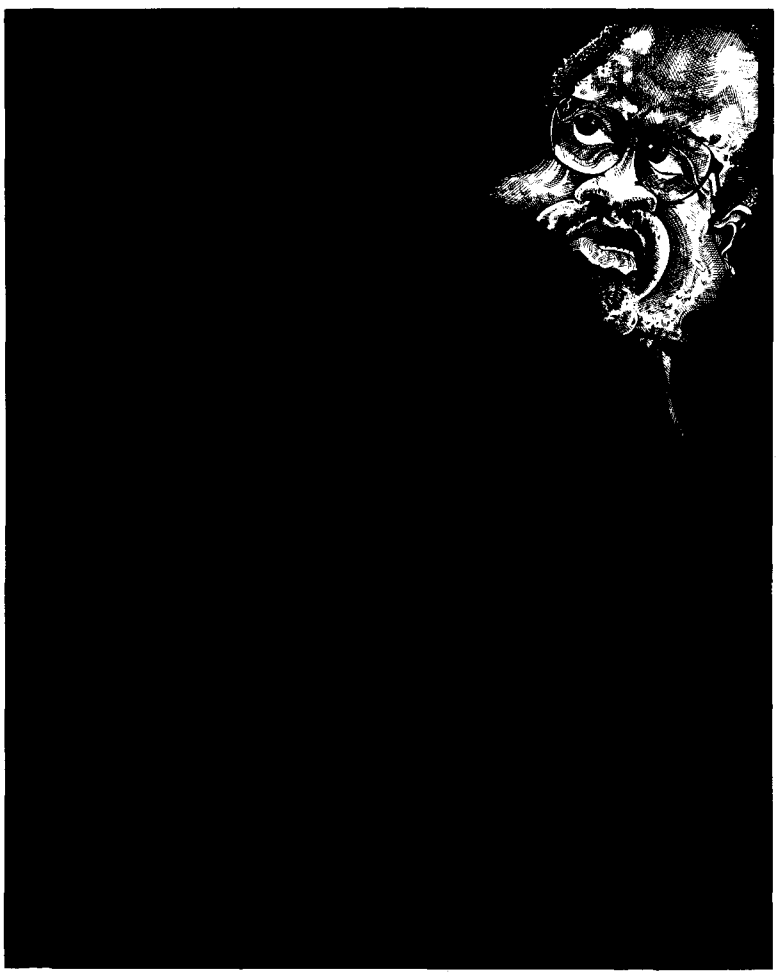
physically strapped to a bed" with "shackles," and does not include freedom from being institutionalized indefinitely at the pleasure of the state. Thomas's conclusion was inconsistent with the elastic platitudes of his hearings ("In our constitutional tradition, the concept of liberty ... has been flexible.... The world didn't stop with the framers...."). It was also inconsistent with any plausible reading of constitutional history, in which the central meaning of the "liberty" protected by the due process clause has always been freedom from incarceration.

Thomas's purportedly libertarian instincts revealed themselves only on rare occasions, usually in cases involving white-collar defendants. In *Evans* v. *United States*, the legal question was whether the Hobbs Act of 1946 requires public officials to solicit bribes before they can be convicted of extortion. But Thomas, raising an argument that had never occurred to the defendant, the lower courts, or the scholarly commentators, argued that in medieval and modern common law, extortion was limited to cases where public officials claimed to be entitled to payments to which they were not, in fact, entitled. ("Robbery is apparent, and hath the face of a crime, but extortion puts on the visure of virtue," he quoted.) Although Thomas conceded that the majority's more conventional definition of extortion was plausible, his compassion for the defendant was uncharacteristically eloquent: "All Americans, including public officials, are entitled to protection from prosecutorial abuse."



CLARENCE THOMAS BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Even on the subject of race, where Thomas's opinions were generally praised, he expressed sympathy for the separatist presumptions he had devoted his previous career to opposing. His concurrence in *Georgia* v. *McCollum*, which held that it is unconstitutional for defendants to strike potential jurors on account of their race, was hailed as an example of his sensitivity to black criminal defendants. Although Thomas felt bound by a 1991 precedent to vote with the majority, he said he disagreed with the result as a matter of policy because it was reasonable to "surmise, without direct evidence in any particular case, that all-white juries might judge black defendants unfairly." But at the EEOC, Thomas had taken the opposite position—insisting that individuals should have to prove that they had suffered from racism in individual cases, rather than relying on general presumptions of discrimination. Thomas deserves respect for struggling with the issue, but his initial, colorblind position was more persuasive as a matter of law.

Similarly, in *Dawson* v. *Delaware*, all eight of Thomas's colleagues voted to overturn a death sentence, holding that the prosecutor violated a convicted murderer's First Amendment rights by telling the jury that Dawson belonged to the Aryan Brotherhood, a white racist prison gang. Thomas insisted that the First Amendment was irrelevant and that a sentencing jury could legitimately increase Dawson's punishment because his gang membership suggested that he held virulent, racist views. But months later, without noting the irony, Thomas joined Scalia's admirable opinion in the hate crimes case *RAV* v. *St. Paul*, which held that the First Amendment emphatically prohibits increased punishments based on "bias motivated hatred" or "virulent notions of racial supremacy." The two votes suggest that Thomas supports the First Amendment when it suits his purposes.

It is too early to abandon hope in Mr. Justice Thomas. Other justices have recovered impressively from unsteady freshman terms (David Souter, Hugo Black); and Thomas's very first opinion was free of the rhetorical bravado and intellectual compromises that characterized the rest of his work. After suggesting soberly that the Court's precedents interpreting the Sixth Amendment right of criminal defendants to confront their accusers had "evolved in a manner that is perhaps inconsistent with the text and history of the clause itself," he proposed an alternative interpre-

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tation that was coherent on strict constructionist grounds.

But in the end, it may be too charitable to criticize Thomas for inconsistency, since it is hard to know which of his opinions reflect his true views. He was the only justice last year to remain mute at oral argument; and although he boasted to a friend, according to Ruth Marcus of *The Washington Post*, "They want to know why I don't ask questions? I write," there is a widespread belief among former clerks that his most important opinions, which read like parodies of the opinions of Scalia, were written by one of his clerks who had previously clerked for Scalia. (The fluency in Elizabethan common law—a trademark of Scalia's—was not obvious in Thomas's hearings or his earlier writings.) It is hardly unusual for justices to delegate most of their writing to their clerks: on the current Court, only Justice Stevens regularly writes his own first drafts, and only Scalia and Souter thoroughly rewrite the drafts of their clerks. What makes Thomas's first term notable is that he appears to have delegated not only his rhetoric but his judicial philosophy as well.

As Thomas gains intellectual confidence, perhaps he will transcend his ghostwritten imitations of Scalia in the same way that he abandoned his ghostwritten speeches about natural law. But when Justice Thomas does feel ready to express his own beliefs, it is hard to imagine what he will say. •

Russia's nationalist intelligentsia.

KITCHEN DEBATE

By Liah Greenfeld

On June 12, 1992, the Russian government announced a new holiday, the Day of Russian Independence. The date marked an end not to foreign domination, but to an era in Russian history: Russia declared independence from its Communist past. This new act of renunciation, which aroused no enthusiasm among the Russians, was intended to impress the West, but there it was met with equal indifference. So too was the anniversary of the coup last month. It came and went with only ritual recognition. The West, chastened by the contours of post-cold war Europe, has come to see that the rejection of communism does not necessarily imply the embrace of democracy.

What the West has yet to understand is how weakly attached even the Russian "democrats" are to democratic ideals. The democratic intelligentsia, which took shape in opposition to the Communist state, is, in fact, much more motivated by nationalist than by democratic concerns. Far from extinguishing nationalism, communism perpetuated and reinforced the old nationalist values. And the intelligentsia committed to these values is now turning on the democratic regime it inadvertently helped create.

In Russia the intelligentsia always saw itself as an aristocracy. It enjoyed prestige incomparable to that of other groups—a prestige related to its contribution to Russia's international standing. For Russia's greatness was understood, first and foremost, as the greatness of Russian culture, a reflection of the nation's moral superiority, in comparison to which political and economic failings appeared trivial. Literature, in particular, was invested with authority, and for that reason often doubled as social criticism. (It's no surprise that the "period of stagnation" was announced in an essay by a classical philologist, Mikhail Gasparov, called "On Horace's Poetry.") Yet Brezhnev's administration chose writers as its chief public enemy. Many remember the trial of Siniavski and Daniel in 1966 as the first—and highly symbolic—action of the new government. Famous writers (such as Solzhenitsyn) were driven into exile, from which they inveighed against communism. The great majority—many of them graduates of the prestigious Literary Institute and fully committed to the calling of Russia's spokesmen—were doomed to obscurity at home, condemned to a frustrating existence on the outskirts of literature as copy editors and publishing assistants or as teachers of literature.

The rank and file of the Russian intelligentsia found themselves in a state similar to that of the writers. They were prepared to play a great role in society and then were denied that role and the status that went with it. To cope with frustration, the intelligentsia constructed various defensive arrangements, which combined into a type of social structure, a society within the larger Communist society, that allowed them to have a livable and,

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in fact, a rather pleasant life. The most important among these arrangements were what became known as "kitchen circles": groups of friends who met in the kitchens of their apartments and led endless conversations about the meaning of creation, art, and politics.

Kitchen circles were regarded as a substitute for recognition in the public sphere. They also formed a self-contained, stratified social world, with its own status system. This cozy sphere made it possible for its members to find fulfillment and happiness in spite of the hostility that existed outside. "This was *druzhestvo* [community], not simply *druzhba* [friendship]," as one told me recently with a sense of evident loss. "We assembled and talked, and it felt good. In this terrible life we felt good." In the circles one was valued not for what one did, but for what one was; not for achievement, but for belonging.

Recognition within the kitchen circles justified lack of professional success and the lack of effort to succeed. Significantly, kitchen circles freed one of economic effort as well. In the Soviet economy, the more friends one had, the less money one needed, for the chief economic problem was not the expense of goods, but the difficulty of finding them. Before perestroika, I was told, "one needed a good acquaintance, rather than a ruble. Now rubles became important." This is a critical reason for the intelligentsia's current disaffection from the democratic regime.

Besides providing an alternative means of social self-realization and an economic safety net, kitchen circles offered their members the gratification of venting resentment against "the system." Many a bottle of vodka was drunk to the system's imminent destruction. But, perhaps because they regarded it as indestructible, they had no clear idea what system they would prefer in its place. The only alternative they envisioned was the idealized Russia that preceded communism—a system based on the ideals of "Slavophil" Russian nationalism.

The Slavophils, some of whom stood in the front ranks of dissidents during the "stagnation period," were a minority within the opposition. But theirs was the only articulate position. The views of others were purely negative: they knew what they did not want (ideological controls, interdictions on travel and associations, shortages of food and consumer goods) but were confused about what they did want. Some did think vaguely about a "civilized" society of "a Western type." This implied that the society they wanted was "democratic" and "capitalist." But when it came to defining what "Western," "democratic," and "capitalist" meant, they again could think only negatively: a society not like the one in which they lived; a society in which they—the alienated intelligentsia—could realize their creative potential and achieve public recognition. Indeed, though it is an axiom of Russian Westernist nationalism that the way of the West is the way of the world and that development any other way is impossible, many of the intelligentsia's notions of social order were thoroughly Russian. The central value around which the kitchen circles were organized was "love"—the old Russian ideal of *sobornost*, "togetherness," in which the individual dissolved—not Western "freedom," with its emphasis on the indissoluble individual (to which "love" was explicitly opposed).

The disaffection of the intelligentsia was not the reason for perestroika, but it was responsible for its clearly unintended result: the dissolution of the Communist order. Perestroika was linked to the aspirations of a much smaller minority—the upper layer of the Party bureaucracy. By the early 1980s there had developed within this minority a sense of crisis, of impending economic and military disaster. This group doubtless could see the widening gap between the Soviet Union and the West. Unlike the rest of their compatriots, these upper-level bureaucrats were personally exposed to evidence of the West's strength and riches, and they were aware what a defeat at the hands of the West would mean to their demise.

This sense of crisis was intentionally cultivated and communicated to the population by Yuri Andropov's administration. For a time, the society was panic-stricken. Andropov proclaimed the need to save the country and introduced emergency measures for national salvation aimed, in the first place, at increasing productivity. To achieve the goal of economic renewal, his protégé, Mikhail Gorbachev, decided to co-opt the disaffected intelligentsia, offering it glasnost and foreign travel. It was clear that this freedom was a means to an end and not an end in itself, but even so the intelligentsia was slow to believe it was for real. Many thought it was a charade aimed at tricking them into talking openly in public and thus compromising themselves with the authorities. (The now prevalent notion that Gorbachev masterminded the August coup reflected these early suspicions, and the fear of arrests was indeed the main reason intellectuals, who did compromise themselves, sided with the reformers against the coup.)

The first to believe in and respond to the promises of perestroika were the Jews, immediately triggering the reaction of the Slavophil nationalists, who swiftly changed sides. These nationalists moved from outspoken opponents of a totalitarian society to outspoken opponents of a government that itself opposed totalitarian society. But by 1988 the intelligentsia in general abandoned its fears and joyfully joined in the destruction of the hated "system," full of hope for a brighter future and as unmindful as before of what kind of society it was building in its place. In this destructive work the intelligentsia was surprisingly successful: the "system" turned out to be a house of cards. It fell because it frustrated the interests of its elite, and the elite lost interest in it. Sadly, the interests that were frustrated by communism would not be served by democracy either.

Today the word "democracy" itself, only recently endowed with totemic meaning, has become an object of abuse: inventive Russians talk of *demokradia* (demothievery) and *der'mokratia* (shitocracy). Privatization is

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also ridiculed: the addition of just one letter transforms it into *prikhvatizatsia*—steal-in-passing-zation. The difficult economic situation, obviously, makes things worse. (To my question "What do the people think about democracy?" my interlocutors on a recent visit to Russia, all "democrats," responded indignantly: "The people does not need democracy, the people needs sausage!" Sausage, a rare delicacy at present, seems to be the metaphor for material well-being, the level of life enjoyed by fortunate denizens of "civilized societies.")

But apart from Moscow, Leningrad, and a couple of other big cities, the economic situation in Russia has always been difficult, and, in general, Russians have been known to endure greater hardships without complaint. At least in the case of the Russian educated elite, it is not the (economic) price for the new democratic and capitalist society that bothers them, it is the realization that this new society probably will not be more to their liking than the detested old one.

The ideas of democracy and capitalism are not merely vague and undefined in the minds of those Russians who support them; they are deeply foreign to them. They go against the values that form the core of the Russian national consciousness, particularly the belief that the intelligentsia forms a natural social elite, as well as its collectivism and authoritarianism, its otherworldly orientation, its proud irrationality and lack of discipline. These values are held in common by the extremist nationalists of the Slavophil bent and by those who call themselves—and are in fact—"Westernists." They form the foundation of all social relations in Russian society. They are the basis of the kitchen circles with their warmth and cozy sense of protectedness as much as they were the basis of the political system the kitchen circles aimed to stir.

I am told that kitchen circles are now disintegrating rapidly. Those with clear enough minds to understand why say: "That capitalist way of life, so hateful to us, is setting in." There is less time to meet. Friendship networks within the intelligentsia become less useful as an economic arrangement. Soaring prices make the ruble (in ever increasing quantities) more important than a good acquaintance. People, for the first time in a long while, are preoccupied with making money. Some succeed more than others, and this gives rise to envy and alienation. There is no more feeling of belonging.

The intelligentsia, in short, is suffering from a crisis of identity. Before 1989, they say, it was clear who they were: they were united in opposition to the regime. Now, when their enemy has been taken from them, they are no longer united. It turns out they did not know each other; they disagree on everything. It is no longer possible to talk politics among friends, for this is the surest way to lose them. Furthermore, their authority, which in a large measure derived from their opposition to communism, was undermined by communism's collapse. Under communism they were the keepers of the national spirit, the "truth." Now truth is being shouted from every newspaper editorial; it is known and shared by the multitudes.

Little did the intelligentsia suspect, as they stirred the totalitarian system in their kitchens, that with the system's demise they would be leveled with the multitudes. The ideal of equality, so central to "civilized" societies of the "Western type," has no more appeal to the educated elite of Russian society than does the value of Western freedom. The intelligentsia derisively call the people *seroe bydlo* (gray cattle); they never counted on being mixed with this herd.

The attitudes of the Russian democratic intelligentsia today differ little from the views of its eighteenth-century aristocratic forebears. I have repeatedly encountered this archaic thinking while talking to Russian Westernist intellectuals. One supporter of democracy in Russia, a builder of barricades during the fateful nights of August 1991, came to this country to visit, and I took him for Sunday brunch in a posh New England pub where people sat at the bar, without ties and with their baseball hats on. My Russian visitor leaned to me and whispered disapprovingly: "This seems to be a somewhat *democratic* public." I asked him what he meant by "democratic," and he explained that what he meant was, in fact, "low class," not at all the people who could be included in "our" society of university faculty. I pointed out that this was a democratic society, and that university faculty, ties or not, did not represent an aristocracy. My guest was evidently embarrassed, and later assured me that he never felt contemptuous of the common people in Russia. "But you must understand," he said, "we and they [the intelligentsia and the people] really have little in common. I never understood them; we speak different languages."

Another Russian acquaintance, with whom I had many long talks during my visit to Moscow, recounted a humiliating experience in America. While visiting New York, she was invited by a Russian émigré to dine in an expensive hotel where he had worked, and had a discount. When they entered the lobby, he shook hands with the bellboy and introduced my acquaintance to him, "forcing" her to shake hands with him as well. At dinner the host asked my Russian friend whether she had ever thought she would dine in such luxury. She indignantly retorted: "I, a descendent of a great scientist and a relation of a world-famous musician, have never in my life been obliged to shake hands with a hotel's bellboy."

The sad fact is that very few people in Russia today are interested in the development of a democratic society. The masses want "sausage," and the so-called "democrats" in power have discredited themselves by their patent inability to serve it. The elite wants status; democracy, they now see, would rob them of it.

To accomplish a transition from communism to democracy, Russia needs to renounce the traditions that made communism possible: the anti-democratic values of its nationalism. At present, such renunciation appears unlikely. This is so because communism and alienation from communism prevented criticism and questioning of these values, and in many ways rein-

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forced them; because, however closely related to communism, Russian nationalism was opposed to it and formed the only alternative focus of loyalty, sanctified by this opposition; and because nationalism can restore to the Russian educated elite the sense of self-esteem of which it is now being deprived.

In the meantime, the desire of the Russian anti-Communists to return to a society firmly based on anti-democratic values—to return to "the Russia they lost" in 1917—is growing stronger every day. This desire is reflected in the mania of renaming, which turned Leningrad back into St. Petersburg and Dzerzhinski Square back into Lubianka; in the replacement of the red banner of the USSR with the imperial tricolor; in the revived Association of the Nobility and the Kadet Party; and in the sudden reawakening of the Orthodox faith and monarchist sentiments. Of course, it is impossible in the end of the twentieth century, after decades of industrialization and major social reconstruction, to bring back a peasant society that seemed an archaism even when it existed. But a conscious attempt to construct a new society on the old ideological foundations must nevertheless be taken seriously. There is every indication that it can succeed.•

The roots of the Bosnian conflict.

THE NATION THAT WASN'T

By Aleksa Djilas

Beneath the Bosnians' passion, thirst for justice, faithfulness, and strength of character, Ivo Andrić wrote in 1920, "the storms of hatred lie hidden in opaque depths." Andrić noted that although hatred was endemic to Bosnia, Bosnians were rarely conscious of it. Andrić won the Nobel Prize in 1961 for his novel *The Bridge on the Drina*, and his work was internationally acclaimed as a humanistic attempt to span Bosnia's three close and yet distant "shores": Sunni Muslims, Eastern Orthodox Serbs, and Roman Catholic Croats.

Though he came from a Croatian family in Bosnia, Andrić considered himself a Yugoslav—a nationality that encompassed identities of all the different Yugoslav groups. Like many distinguished Croatian and Serbian intellectuals of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, he believed only a general acceptance of such a Yugoslav identity within a common state could put an end to the ancient conflicts among various Yugoslav groups. Andrić knew Bosnia could not survive the collapse of Yugoslavia. Its political and historical traditions were too weak for the formidable task of state-building.

Many commentators on today's war in Bosnia seem unaware of Andrić's warning. The common contemporary belief is that Bosnian sovereignty and indivisibility is a prerequisite for peace. Such thinking represents a misunderstanding of the nature of the region's long history of interethnic strife. While the West's refusal to accept Serbia's and Croatia's land grab in Bosnia is commendable, its recognition of Bosnia in April, just a month after it had proclaimed independence, will be remembered as one of the most irresponsible Western decisions in postwar history. It plunged Bosnia into the civil war.

Indeed, it is difficult to imagine how Bosnian Serbs and Croats could ever identify with Bosnia rather than with Serbia and Croatia. In a referendum held earlier this year, Muslims and Croats (43.7 percent and 17.3 percent of Bosnia's 4.4 million inhabitants, respectively) voted to separate Bosnia from Yugoslavia. (Slovenia, Croatia, and Macedonia had already seceded.) This was wrongly interpreted in the West as a declaration of independence. Bosnian Croats, however, were not in favor of independence, only for secession from Yugoslavia. Like the Serbs (31.3 percent of the population) who opposed the secession and boycotted the referendum, Croats do not want to be a part of Bosnia. They want to unite with Croatia. Likewise, the Serbs now want to unite with Serbia. This leaves the Muslims as the only possible supporters of the new state. And Muslims are far outnumbered by Serbs and Croats.

The subordination of Muslim identity to Serbian and Croatian nationalism is not new. Since the early nineteenth century, Serbian nationalists have claimed that Bosnian Muslims were Serbs of Islamic faith, while their Croatian counterparts professed with equal zeal that Bosnian Muslims were actually Croats of Islamic faith. Most Bosnian Muslims, however, have never identified

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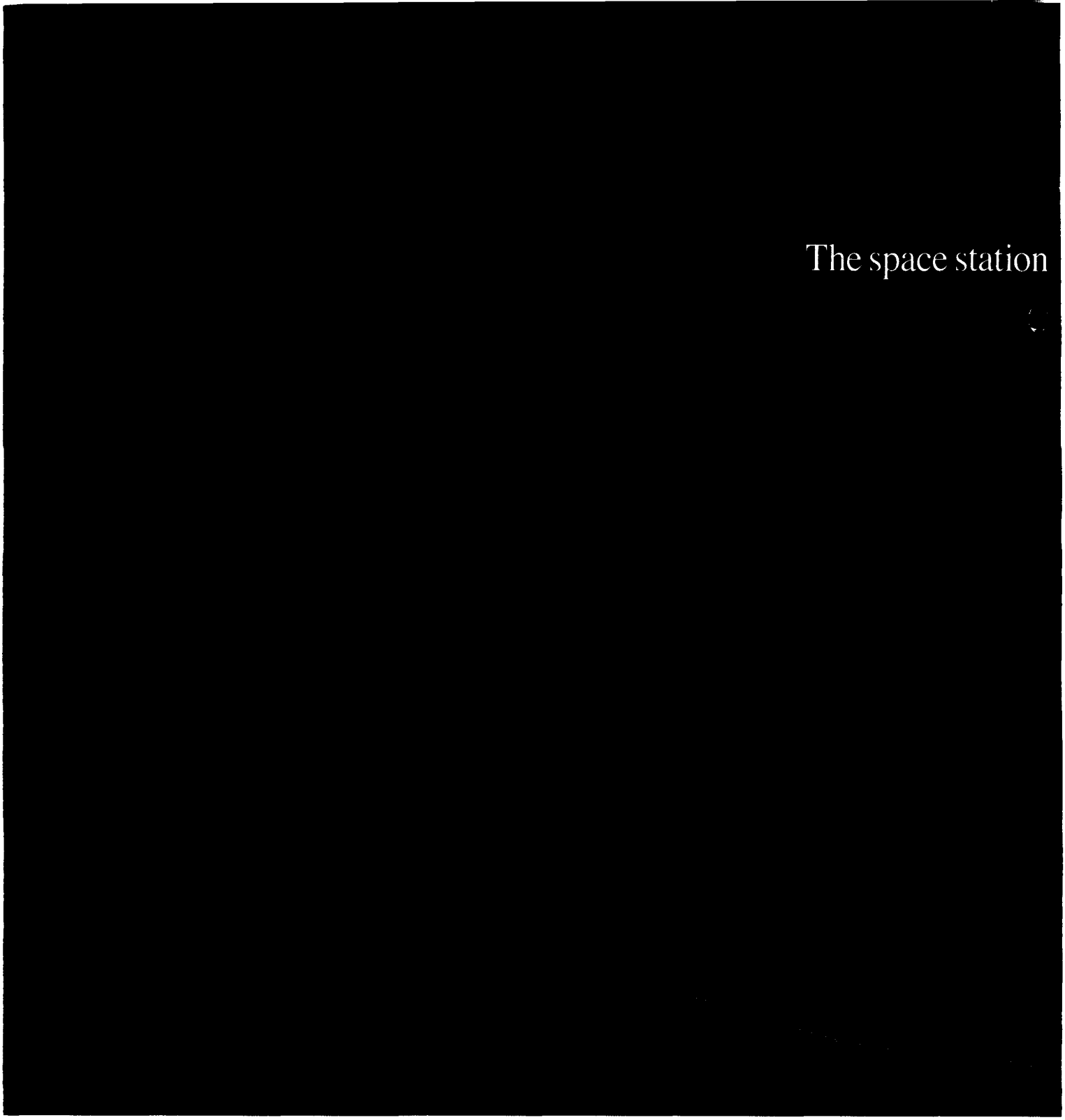

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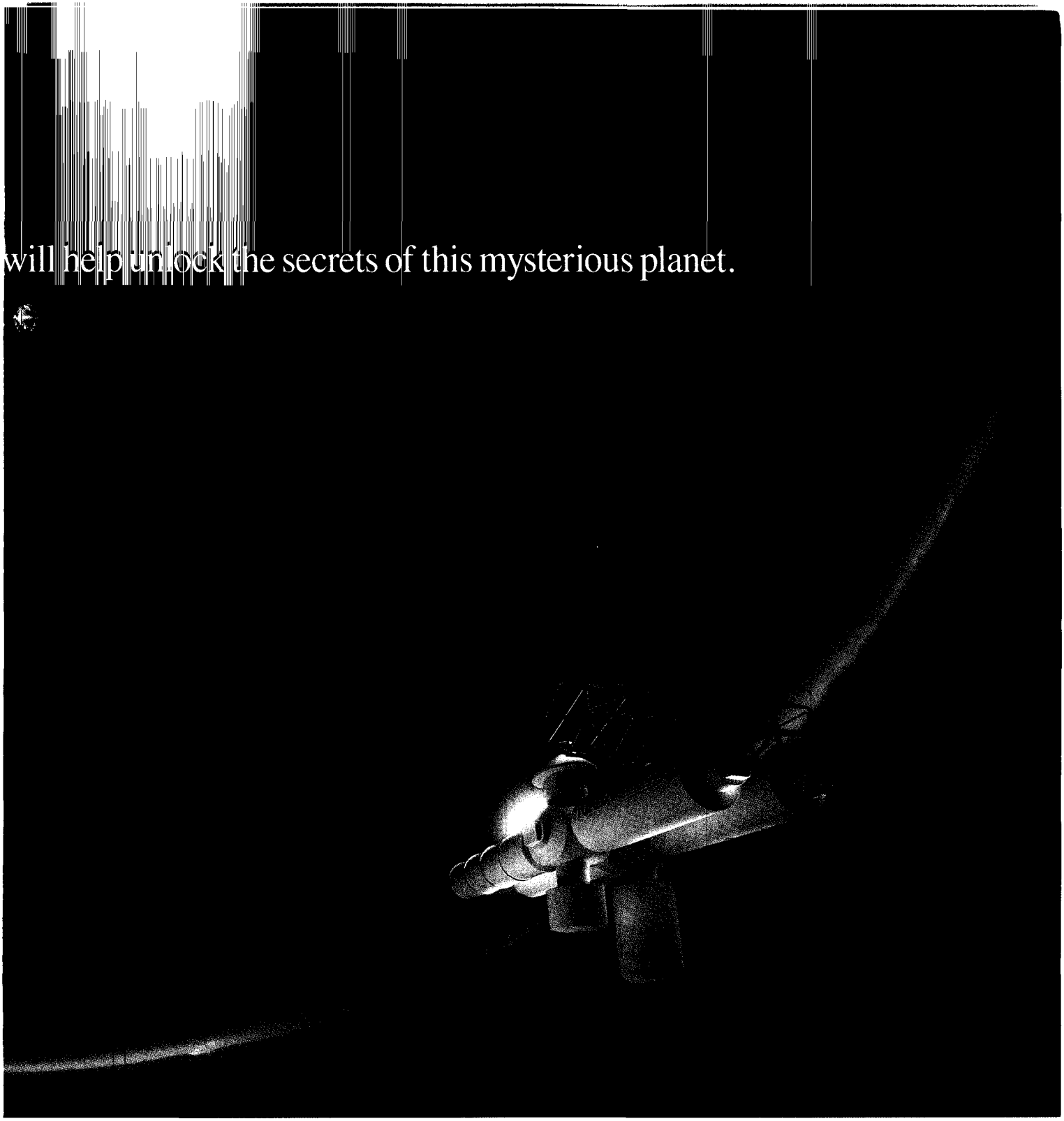

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themselves as either. Bosnian Muslims have distinct customs, dress, architecture, as well as political traditions and historical memories.

But then, the notion of Bosnia as a state is something of a misnomer. Although for convenience many writers use "Bosnia" to denote both Bosnia and Herzegovina, the two are hardly interchangeable. Herzegovina has a distinct history: a Herzegovinian, whether Serb, Croat, or Muslim, would never call himself a Bosnian. Indeed, there has not been a Bosnian state since the medieval period, and even then its borders often changed, each time further obscuring ethnic and national identities. Whereas the historical memory of the medieval state is essential to the national identities of the Serbs and Croats, Bosnian Serbs and Croats are largely indifferent to Bosnian history. When they show interest, it is to highlight facts or myths that "prove" Bosnia should belong to them.

Muslims, too, are uneasy with the memory of medieval Bosnia. The Ottoman Turks completed the conquest of Bosnia in 1463 and then converted the nobility to Islam. Forced conversions were generally rare in Islam, but because it faced a Christian frontier, Bosnian Islam was unusually harsh. In the case of Bosnia's nobility, the Turks applied pressure, along with economic and political advantages. As a result, the nobility collectively apostatized.

From then on, Christians labeled all converts to Islam "Turks." Converts themselves sometimes used that appellation. Of course, Bosnian Muslims had nothing in common with real Turks. But they were politically Turks—loyal to the Turkish Ottoman Empire and the Sultan. (The name "Turk" can be heard even now in embattled Bosnia. It is used by Serbs and sometimes by Croats as a derogatory term for Muslims.)

Yet Bosnia's Muslim nobility preserved through the centuries a sense of Bosnia's separateness from the rest of the Turkish empire. Several times in the nineteenth century they rebelled against Ottoman rule, preaching a "holy war" against the Sultan. They did not, however, develop a sense of modern nationality or a desire to create a Bosnian state.

At the Berlin Conference of 1878 in the aftermath of the war between the Orthodox Serbian and Catholic Croatian peasantry and Ottoman Turkey, Bosnia was given over to Austria-Hungary. Austria-Hungary modernized Bosnia with roads and industry. Yet it left agriculture largely untouched, hoping to win the allegiance of Muslim landowners, whom it considered the most loyal of the three groups. Muslims were indeed untouched by modern national sentiments that were so strong among Serbs and Croats. But while Muslims refrained from challenging Austria-Hungary, they did not trust it. On the one hand, they perceived it as primarily a Catholic country with proselytizing tendencies, and on the other, as a promoter of threatening secularism. Many Muslims left Bosnia for Turkey.

Fearing the establishment of a strong South Slav state on its southern flank as much as it feared a large South Slav unit within its own borders, Austria-Hungary prevented Bosnia from ever joining either Serbia or Croatia—even though the latter was part of Austria-Hungary. In doing so, Vienna and Budapest also hoped to put an end to all plans for the unification of Croatia and Serbia. To satisfy the need for an ideological underpinning to its Bosnian policy, Austria-Hungary promoted "Bosnian" nationality. While allowing the Bosnian Serbs economic development, it defined them simply as people of Orthodox faith. Croats, in turn, were simply Catholics. Bosnia was to become a land with one nation and three religions.

In order to combat feared political and cultural influences from Serbia and Croatia from promoting the growth of national consciousness within Bosnia, Austria-Hungary transformed Bosnia into a police state. Serbia was considered particularly dangerous after it became a parliamentary democracy in 1903 and its nationalism allied itself with liberalism. But Serbs and Croats in Bosnia retained their loyalty to their respective nations, and no amount of propaganda could convince them that "Bosnian" was anything more than a regional appellation.

In 1918, however, when Yugoslavia was created from the kingdoms of Serbia and Montenegro and the South Slav parts of Austria-Hungary, it was obvious that Bosnian Muslims were something more than just a regional appellation, and more than just a religious group. But the Serbs, especially after their struggle on the side of the Allies in the Great War, tended to regard the new kingdom as an extension of Serbia and organized it in a centralist manner. Non-Serbs, including Bosnian Muslims, were rightly dissatisfied.

Croatian resistance forced Belgrade in 1939 to give autonomy to Croatia, and Slovenia would most likely have been granted the same status had the Second World War not engulfed Yugoslavia. No autonomy, however, was envisaged for Bosnia. Serbs considered it simply a Serbian land. They pointed out that in May 1915, the Allies had offered the whole of Bosnia to Serbia, and that Serbs were the largest group there (an indisputable fact at that time). But they also based their demands on the fallacious and immoral claim that Muslims were simply Serbs who had not yet been awakened to the fact.

Serbs thought the case of Bosnia was closed. But the majority of Muslims felt no allegiance to the Serbian-dominated Yugoslav state. Although there was no official state religion, and Islam was respected, they felt the Serbian Orthodox Church was much closer to the authorities than their religious leaders could ever be. Muslims therefore tried to improve their lot by making deals with different royal Cabinets in Belgrade. In addition, they supported Belgrade policies detrimental to other non-Serb groups, in particular to Croats.

When Yugoslavia was occupied by Germany, Italy, and their allies in 1941, Bosnia became a part of the newly formed fascist Croatia. Ustashas, a kind of Croatian S.S., began massacres of Serbs, Jews, and Gypsies. Although

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their crimes were horrendous, Ustashas were a minority movement in Croatia. Many Croats also volunteered for the Partisans, the Communist-led resistance movement, and fought in it together with Serbs, who responded to the massacres with a mass uprising.

In Bosnia, however, where the tradition of Catholic-Orthodox conflict was centuries old, Croats joined the Ustashas in much larger numbers than in Croatia proper, and only a few supported the Partisans. The Croatian fascist government proclaimed the Bosnian Muslims "the flower of the Croatian nation" and tried to recruit them into its units. Indeed, at the beginning of the war Muslims in some regions joined the Ustashas in pogroms of Serbs. But in general they did not identify with the Croatian state. The majority remained passive through most of the war.

The creation of a Bosnian Muslim s.s. division is a favorite theme of Serbian propaganda, however.

Door ajar

The Serbian campaign to "cleanse" the 70 percent of Bosnian territory contiguous with Serbia is now nearly complete. The result has been the displacement of as many as 2 million Bosnians. The United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees estimates that roughly 500,000 Bosnian civilians have managed to escape the Balkans altogether, most of them to Western Europe.

These refugees are, of course, the lucky ones. They are safe from Serbian terror and are certain to be fed and sheltered throughout the winter. But Europe has yet to face the question of what to do with those refugees it has accepted, not to mention the question of how to respond to future refugees knocking on its door. At present, there is no coordinated policy among the European governments, no long-term plan for repatriation or, alternatively, integration into host countries. This practical problem is compounded by a vexing moral dilemma: either the Bosnian refugees are kept close to home in Croatia and Slovenia, which means subjecting them to harsh conditions in overcrowded and primitive camps; or they are allowed into Western European countries as permanent refugees, which means assisting Serbian designs for a Muslim-free Bosnia. As Soren Jessen-Petersen, the executive director of the UNHCR, says: "It would be a wonderful contribution to the Serbian strategy of ethnic cleansing if we did organize the permanent relocation of the Bosnians outside Bosnia."

From the start, the European response to the refugee crisis has been ambivalent. Germany has taken in the most refugees, more than 200,000. Its willingness to accept such large numbers is partly in symbolic reparation for Nazi atrocities in the Balkans, and partly the result of the provision in the German Constitution for unlimited right to asylum from political persecution.

The British and the French, on the other hand, have taken in fewer than 1,500 refugees each and are doing everything they can to minimize the influx. The United Kingdom has distinguished itself as the only country actually to deport Bosnian asylum-seekers. Under what is known as the Dublin convention, any member country of the European Community can return a refugee to the country of first entry. Thus in July Britain returned more than thirty-six refugees from what used to be Yugoslavia to Germany and Belgium.

Members of the German government have criticized the British and French response to what the Germans regard as a common European crisis. They cite the examples of Sweden, Hungary, and Switzerland, which have discarded long-standing policies of rejecting refugees and have opened their doors to anyone fleeing persecution in the Balkans, taking in more than 50,000 refugees each.

At this point, however, most European governments are assuming that they will someday be able to return Bosnian refugees to Bosnia. France and Britain insist that their policy of keeping refugees as close to their homeland as possible (i.e., not in Britain and France) is in the best interest of the refugees and will facilitate a smoother return when the time for repatriation comes. The truth, though, is that the refugees already in Western Europe aren't going anywhere anytime soon. "The Bosnian and Croat refugees in Germany and other countries will most likely stay," says Josef Joffe, foreign editor of *Suddeutsche Zeitung*. He adds that "while the Geneva Convention doesn't require nations to take refugees once the war is over, Germany will not first take 200,000 Yugoslavs and then force them back." And even cautious UNHCR director Jessen-Petersen admits that, while the assumption is eventual return, "the reality on the ground might be very different . . . we have expressed our very deep concerns about a permanent refugee problem in the heart of Europe."

It seems more and more likely, then, that Serbia's gamble has paid off. The Serbs believed that the Western world would accept responsibility for the fate of the refugees rather than allow them to be slaughtered or starved to death. They believed that the U.N. would facilitate safe transit out of Bosnia rather than secure the position of Bosnians at home. And they believe Western Europe will allow its refugees to stay rather than repatriate them by force. And they are right. What may yet transform the picture, though, is the movement of Bosnian refugees still trapped in the Balkans. If they continue to leave Bosnia, and then Croatia and Slovenia, by the hundreds of thousands, it will become impossible to house and feed them all in camps, and they will push on into Western Europe. This will, if anything, increase public pressure in Europe for a solution at the source of the problem—in Bosnia and Serbia.

What the Europeans have yet to realize is that a comprehensive solution to the refugee problem will require the creation of militarily patrolled "safe havens" for the Bosnians inside Bosnia. This would set the stage for a "Kurdish" solution to the Bosnian crisis: in the aftermath of the Gulf war, 1.7 million Kurds fled their homes within a ten-day period; two months later almost all of them returned when the allies created a protective zone inside the borders of Iraq. In the case of Bosnia, though, no one seems interested in repeating what would surely be an even more costly and dangerous mission. The United States sees no compelling national interest, and the Europeans remain bound by an old maxim: don't take candy from strangers and don't get involved in the Balkans.

NADER A. MOUSAVIZADEH

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Indeed, there was such a unit. The Nazis asked the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, el Husseini, to lend his support to the project. He accepted, visited Bosnia, and convinced some important Muslim leaders that a Muslim s.s. division would be in the interest of Islam. In spite of these and other propaganda efforts, only half of the expected 20,000 to 25,000 Muslims volunteered. The s.s. unit was nonetheless formed, named the "Handžar" (scimitar) division, and was brutal in the "cleansing" of Serbian regions in eastern Bosnia. But it never achieved the reputation of a good fighting unit, and failed to sell the idea of a Muslim Bosnia under a Nazi protectorate.

During the Second World War, the Communist leadership of the Partisan movement decided postwar Yugoslavia should be a federation. Initially, it did not envisage Bosnia as being, together with Serbia, Croatia, Slovenia, Macedonia, and Montenegro, one of the component republics. But Croats and Serbs were so intermixed in Bosnia that it could not be divided between Croatia and Serbia. The Communists therefore planned to make Bosnia into an autonomous unit, but to link it closely to Serbia, since Serbs were its largest group. The Muslims were expected in the future to develop freely their national identity—some Serbian, others Croatian.

But the extremely bloody wartime struggle between Croatian and Serbian nationalists in Bosnia influenced the Communists to change their mind and proclaim toward the end of the war that Bosnia should be the sixth republic of Yugoslavia. This decision promised to put an end to the rivalry between Serbia and Croatia over Bosnia and provided Muslims with a federal unit with which they could easily identify. The Communists intended for all six republics to stay forever in Yugoslavia and severely punished secessionists. The separation of Bosnia was considered unthinkable, since Bosnia was in the center of Yugoslavia, its population was the most intermixed, and it had no state traditions.

Serbia's losses in the Second World War and the Croatian fascist genocide are the central theme of contemporary Serbian nationalism. One million Yugoslavs lost their lives. Bosnia suffered most. Of its 2.8 million people, 400,000 perished—every sixth Serb, eighth Croat, and twelfth Muslim. The much larger Serbian losses contributed to making Muslims the most numerous group in Bosnia.

Like all nationalists of former Yugoslavia, the Serbians exaggerate their losses, sometimes claiming that more than 1 million Serbs were murdered in concentration camps of fascist Croatia alone. (Realistic estimates put the total of Serbian casualties between 500,000 and 600,000. Probably half were civilian victims of Croatian fascism.) Serbian nationalists are, however, right when they point out that Serbian casualties were both absolutely and relatively larger than those of any other Yugoslav group, and that only Serbs, Jews, and Gypsies were the victims of systematic and planned extermination. But Croatian and Muslim casualties were extremely high as well, and a considerable number of them were civilians who fell victim to Serbian extremists.

After 1945 Yugoslavia became a Communist dictatorship. Communist rule in backward and war-ravaged Bosnia was harsher than in the rest of Yugoslavia: the police were more brutal, prison sentences longer, the economy more "planned," intolerance in public life and culture greater. But Bosnian Communists, closely supervised by Belgrade, also prevented the domination of one group over others and kept education and economic resources accessible to all groups. And like Communists elsewhere in Yugoslavia, they encouraged individual national cultural traditions as long as these did not challenge Communist dogma.

Reports from today's war-torn Bosnia often say different nationalities have peacefully co-existed there for centuries. But Bosnia's history shows that although all three main groups have traditions of tolerance, extremists dominated in unstable periods. Tolerance, such as there was, was often the result of rule by a foreign power, which forcefully prevented groups from fighting each other.

And Bosnia, of course, was ruled by a foreign power from the fifteenth century until its secession from Yugoslavia in March of this year. Even Communist rule was in a sense foreign, since the Bosnian Party was merely a subordinate section of the larger Yugoslav Party. So Bosnia's own internal resources for finding solutions to religious and ethnic diversity never had a chance to develop fully.

Communist repression was sufficient to overcome separatism and nationalist extremism. But the Communists failed to achieve lasting results in propagating Yugoslav unity. The memory of the Partisan struggle, "the building of socialism," workers' self-management, the cult of Tito, even Tito's non-aligned foreign policy—all these were propagated at some time by Yugoslav Communists as common rallying points for all national groups. But the groups remained unconvinced.

And because under communism the spirit of critical, rational inquiry could not develop, the nations of Yugoslavia failed to free themselves from pseudo-romantic images of themselves and negative stereotypes of each other. The dominant form of political consciousness beneath the veneer of Yugoslav Marxism remained mythologizing ethnocentrism that could envisage full rights only for members of one's own group.

In 1990 all six republics of Yugoslavia held free multiparty elections. Bosnia voted in November. For the first time in history the destiny of Bosnia was in Bosnian hands. All those in Yugoslavia who still desired a peaceful solution to the crisis hoped the majority would vote for political parties that included members of all three groups and addressed themselves to all Bosnians. But they were painfully disappointed. Loyalty to one's nation proved stronger than all other loyalties. The large majority of Muslims voted for the Muslim party,

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the large majority of Serbs for the Serbian party, and the large majority of Croats for the Croatian party.

Alija Izetbegović, the Muslim leader, won the most votes, since the Muslims are the most numerous group. He then became president. A coalition government was formed, but it was soon obvious that the three national parties not only had mutually exclusive programs, but that they actually represented incompatible national ideologies that could not be modified through political compromises. It was only a matter of time before irreconcilable differences in the government would be transformed into civil war.

Muslims imagined Bosnia as an independent state in which they should predominate. Although it was only Muslim extremists who thought non-Muslims should be expelled from Bosnia, most Muslim leaders believed only a Muslim should be allowed full citizenship. Religious Muslims based their demand for supremacy on the traditional belief that the rule of non-Muslims over Muslims was blasphemous. But most Muslims were typical nationalists. They wanted more for their group because, like Serbs and Croats, they believed the history and culture of their group were superior.

The Serbs, for their part, wanted Bosnia to stay inside Yugoslavia and increasingly demanded a Yugoslavia dominated by Serbs. When Slovenia and Croatia seceded in June 1991, the rump resembled greater Serbia, and the threat of Serbian predominance over Bosnia became real. When the Muslims demanded Bosnia's independence, the Serbs demanded "cantonization" of Bosnia. But their views about the size of this Serbian canton, and its degree of independence in relation to the Sarajevo government, were megalomaniacal.

The Croats for a while worked hand in hand with Muslims, both in the government in Sarajevo and at the local level. But no one was surprised when this anti-Serbian coalition turned out to be temporary. It ultimately played into Serbian hands, helping their propagandistic claim that a wartime Ustasha-Muslim cooperation had re-emerged. The coalition did not increase Croatian loyalty to Bosnia.

The Croatian maximal fantasy was to incorporate the whole of Bosnia. There were also more modest hopes that fear of the Serbs would move Muslims to demand a federal arrangement between Bosnia and Croatia. More realistically, Croats planned to take those territories of Bosnia with a Croatian majority and integrate them into Croatia. They secretly, and not-so-secretly, held talks with Serbs about dividing up Bosnia. Both Franjo Tudjman, the president of Croatia, and Slobodan Milošević, the president of Serbia, supported such plans. And so did many other influential political and intellectual figures in Croatia and Serbia.

For all their divisiveness, Bosnian Serbs and Croats should not be blamed for their refusal to adopt "Bosnian" nationality either under Austria-Hungary or today. But they must be censured for denying the individuality of Bosnian Muslims. Since the war started, Croatian military units from Bosnia and military units from Croatia proper (including the regular troops of the Croatian army) have conquered a third of Bosnian territory. On this territory they have engaged in "ethnic cleansing." Serbs were forced to leave and Muslims either left or were reduced to second-class citizens. Although the Western press mentions Croatian misdeeds, it is much more vocal about the Serbian ones. Indeed, these are greater. Better-armed Bosnian Serbs have captured almost two-thirds of Bosnia. They have also expelled and imprisoned more people than the Croats, and many more than the Muslims.

What, then, can be done? The most attractive idea is that all refugees should return to the places they came from. But in Bosnia the return would mean mixing the three groups again. The intensity of present hatred among them is such that remixing could be achieved only if a foreign power sent several hundred thousand soldiers to police every village and valley in perpetuity.

Although refugees from all three groups deserve equal sympathy, the Muslim situation is particularly tragic. Serbian and Croatian refugees have Serbia and Croatia as well as parts of Bosnia under their control, where they can be safe. But where can Muslims go? Their forces control perhaps as little as 5 percent of Bosnia. The macabre joke from a few years ago that the Muslims would be the losers in the war between Serbs and Croats has turned out to have been a prophecy.

Izetbegović still hopes to solve the Muslim problem by dragging the West into a war against the Serbs (and perhaps also Croats), and placing the whole of Bosnia under Muslim rule. This is unrealistic. If it really wants to help, the West should focus its energies on creating a large area in central Bosnia, where Muslim concentration has always been the greatest, and make it a safe haven for Muslim refugees. This territory should be under the Muslim government in Sarajevo. It could then become a separate state, or join with the Serbian and Croatian parts to create a Bosnian federation.

A new Berlin Congress is needed. Its main task should be to put pressure on Bosnian Serbs and Croats to give Muslims some of the territories they now control. The governments of Serbia and Croatia should also be pressured, because they have considerable influence over their Bosnian counterparts. The West has sufficient diplomatic and economic means at its disposal to make this happen. And it is much more likely that the Serbs and Croats will give some territory to Muslims than that they will ever be coerced—as the West seems to be attempting to do at the moment—into laying down their arms and accepting the restoration of a unified Bosnia. For them this would mean subjugation under Muslim rule.

The creation of a Muslim unit as a solution for Bosnia's crisis means the acceptance that Bosnia's exotic mixture of cultures and religions will not be restored. This severely challenges some of the basic notions of modern humanism. But given Bosnia's tragic history, it might be the only way toward stable peace. •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Schemings and Dreamings

Every rule is better off for the exceptions that prove it. It's a rule—a sound one—that a good film begins with a good script: **Diggstown** (MGM) is an exception. The screenplay, by Steven McKay from a novel by Leonard Wise, is a scotch-taped contraption, but Michael Ritchie has directed it so sharply, so breezily, with such glee in its artifice, that the result is entertaining. Yes, it would have been a better film with a better script, but Ritchie has a fine time making at least a rayon purse out of a sow's ear.

The story is apparently meant to remind us of *The Sting*, except that *The Sting* was about a deception practiced by two sharpies on a gull and *Diggstown* is a contest between two sharpies. James Woods is a con man whom we meet in a Georgia jail. While there, he pulls off various small cons and plans a major one. Released and helped by a beery young accomplice, Oliver Platt, Woods inveigles the lord and master of a Georgia town to make a big bet with him.

That lord of Diggstown, Bruce Dern, is a sportsman who has built a boxing arena in his fief. By hooking and crooking, Woods induces Dern to bet a lot (which increases as the story moves along). Woods says he knows a boxer—48 years old, we learn—who can knock out ten men in twenty-four hours, and he'll bet on it. Dern can pick the opponents. Dern accepts.

The details need not detain us. They don't detain the film for very long. We know, of course, that the boxer, Louis Gossett Jr., will do the job, that Woods will win the bet, that the haughty Dern will be humiliated: that's what movies are for. But the narrative interest is double: the ten fights themselves and the maneuvers of Woods and Dern outside the ring, before and during the fights. There are surprises, naturally, but the biggest surprise is that all this farfetched plotting holds our interest.

Chiefly this is because no one knows better than Ritchie that the script is gauzy. He makes the film whiz along, allowing no one sequence, no one moment, to remain before us a frame more than necessary. Thus he asks us to pretend with him that the story is tenable and, by so doing, to have some fun. (He even almost makes us accept the old wheeze that a homely man's sister turns out to be pretty.)

When we learn that there will be ten fights, the first reaction is dread. Ten fights! But Ritchie and his editor Don Zimmerman find ways to vary the ten (one of them is quite funny in its brevity), to reshuffle the familiar details of film pugilism. The job is greatly helped by Gossett as the 48-year-old pug who is a wry thinker between rounds. Could any fighter half his age actually do what Gossett does here? The only answer: Gossett is so appealing that the bother of credibility fades away.

Dern is once more Johnny Two-Notes, quietly insane or violently insane. His portrait is painted in boiling oils, both because the plot needs his seething villainy and because it gives Woods a moral backdrop against which his own shenanigans shine angelically.

Then there's Woods. I first saw him off-Broadway in Edward Bond's *Saved* in 1970 and was struck even then by his odd blend of abrasion and attraction. This appeal through fire, unmediated by any Cagney-like hint of poetry beneath, has been working well for him in films. His range is narrow: sometimes his characters are good men, like the lawyer in *True Believer*, but his oxymoronic blend is aggressiveness plus street-smart soul. He's vivid and unique. Like Ritchie, he understands that his role here is thin, and his performance is, among other things, an act of sleight of hand.

Ritchie showed long ago, in *The Candidate* and *Smile* and *Semi-Tough*, that he has intelligence, skill, trenchant wit. Most of the material he has dealt with since then has been yard goods from the Hollywood mills. If he could find or devise material worthy of his gifts, he could still be something like the Preston Sturges of our time.

Enchanted April (Miramax) is one more instance of something mentioned here in connection with E.M. Forster: the English belief that time spent in Italy brings out the true depths in English people. This screenplay, adapted by the prominent English playwright Peter Barnes from a novel by Elizabeth von Arnim, could scarcely be slighter, but it follows the Forsterian pattern.

Just after World War I, a frustrated London wife, Josie Lawrence, reads an ad in *The Times* for an Italian castle to be

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Best Intentions. *Ingmar Bergman's screenplay about his parents' difficult courtship and early marriage, with a (mostly) sterling cast and with direction by Bille August that understands and reveals. (Reviewed 8/10/92)* **Howards End.** *E. M. Forster is served as well as possible by a sensitive adaptation and superlative acting. James Ivory does his best directing. (3/23/92)* **A League of Their Own.** *A journeyman script about the female professional baseball league during World War II, but Geena Davis and Tom Hanks get all the possible laugh-and-cry mileage out of it. (8/3/92)* **Tale of Springtime.** *As usual, Eric Rohmer combines spare cinematics with curlicue dialogue. As usual, he examines the strange relationships that commonplace encounters can produce. As usual, unexcitingly interesting. (8/31/92)* **—SK**

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let for a month. In her (ladies) club, she sees another woman, Miranda Richardson, reading the same ad and virtually assaults her with the proposal that they rent the place together. After they agree, their respective husbands, each frigid and aloof in his own way, consent or accept the idea.

The two wives are joined by a knockout London beauty, Polly Walker, aristocratic, sought after, rich, who wants to get away from the social whirl—just the opposite of the wives' wish to escape dullness. The three are joined by an elderly dragon, Joan Plowright, who knew Tennyson and Browning and Ruskin and wants others to know it promptly.

In the Italian castle, aptly lovely, the two wives bloom, Walker luxuriates, the dragon mellows. The English owner of the castle visits and is charmed by Walker. The two husbands appear and rediscover their transformed wives. All is for the best in this best of old-fashioned-English-novel worlds.

"Masterpiece Theater" is the current term of derogation for films that are English, costumed, ambitiously literate. But the term applies accurately only to those films that make us sigh for the comfort and safety of the world on show, for the tidiness of the conclusions. For this reason—among others—*Howards End* is not Masterpiece Theater; *Enchanted April* is.

The performances are enjoyable, however, especially those by Plowright and Walker and Alfredo Molina as Lawrence's husband. The director was Mike Newell, who made *The Good Father* with Anthony Hopkins, a film about a father bereft of his child through a split in his marriage, which far outstripped *Kramer vs. Kramer* in grittiness. Newell seems somewhat uneasy here with all the soft problems and soft solutions. He shows it by straining with cranky angles, by shots against a big full moon.

But he does bring off one beautiful moment. After the women have been in the castle for a while, unfolding, Richardson is sunning herself on a rock one day, face down, when a small lizard climbs onto her shoe and starts over her dress in an upward traverse of her form. She senses it. She opens one eye. She does nothing. She closes her eye. The lizard crawls over the back of her head and away. The moment dramatizes succinctly that this woman, who in her London life would have screamed and carried on, has been enlarged to accept the natural. •

Will South Africa avoid the fate of Africa?

Cape Fear

By Leonard Thompson

Since the early 1980s, the news from Africa has been almost unremittingly bad. The stories of poverty, famine, coups, wars, and social disruption seem never to end. These calamities raise two important questions, one about the past and the other about the future. There is the question of accountability. Are Africans the authors of their own sufferings, or are they victims of forces beyond their control? And there is the question of inevitability. Despite the changes that have taken place in South Africa since 1989, is that country destined to become another African tragedy?

In his new book Basil Davidson, an eminent scholar and activist who has been befriended by many African leaders and has marched with African guerrillas against colonial regimes in Guinea and Angola, seeks to explain why tropical Africa is such a mess. It is interesting to observe how a committed Marxist views the African condition since the end of the cold war, the collapse of the Soviet empire, and the disintegration of the Soviet Union itself. He views it, in a word, simply. In Davidson's account, Africans are regarded unequivocally as victims of Western exploitation.

Davidson does not draw the threads of his argument together, but it may be summarized as follows. Before the European powers partitioned tropical Africa among themselves in the nineteenth century, it was on its way to political and economic maturity, but that promise was utterly destroyed by colonialism. And after the Second World War, when Africans regained their independence, they were configured into a completely

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AMERICAN POLITICS

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inappropriate system, as nation-states on the Western model. That monumental error is the basic reason for the poverty, the corruption, the bloodshed, and the political chicanery in Africa today.

Davidson takes the Akan people, in the interior of what is now Ghana, as an example of precolonial African achievement. Their Asante kingdom, he tells us, had all the hallmarks of a powerful and successful state: a distinct territory, a centralized government controlling a police and an army, a national language. Asante's "founding principles" included

> the rule of law ... the diffusion of executive power and ... the encasing of that power within political and legal checks upon its use.... Between ruler and people—one can say between state and people—there was an acknowledged recognition of ties of mutual obligation and respect.

Asante "had found the means and ability" to weather the many crises it confronted before it was conquered by the British in the late nineteenth century. Moreover, says Davidson, Asante was not unique. The same principles of delegation and devolution of power, of checks and balances, operated in other precolonial states in various parts of the continent.

All these formulations are problematic, however, not least because Davidson ignores a large part of the evidence. For even in the most successful precolonial sub-Saharan African states such as Asante there was scant respect for individual rights as opposed to community rights, and women were thoroughly subordinated to men. And, except in the Sahel and along the east African coastline where Islam had made some impact, precolonial Africans were not literate. Davidson mentions none of these things.

He also ignores the fact that kingdoms such as Asante were exceptions in precolonial Africa. Over wide areas, including South Africa as well as tropical Africa, chiefdoms rather than kingdoms were the norm. Chiefdoms were polities that stayed relatively small because they waxed and waned with the popularity and the skill of the chief, and they frequently split into two or more parts. They never found a foolproof solution to the problem of succession, and when a chief died, a defeated claimant was liable to hive off and found a separate chiefdom. Besides kingdoms and chiefdoms, moreover, there was a third type of polity in precolonial Africa: many Africans, such as the Ibo in modern Nigeria, lived without chiefs or any other form of central authority.

These precolonial African political systems were generally appropriate for preindustrial, preliterate, and prescientific societies, which occupied a thinly populated continent and were relatively insulated from the wider world. But surely they cannot provide answers to the problems confronting Africans at the end of the twentieth century. They provide no precedent for adapting these societies to the complicated demands of this integrated planet.

In dealing with the European impact on Africa, Davidson makes a strong case for his argument that it blocked Africa's progress into the modern world by reducing its natural leaders, the chiefs, to agents of foreign domination, and providing an educational framework for a new elite that despises its own culture. But here, too, his account is too coarse.

The Black Man's Burden:
Africa and the Curse of the Nation-State
by Basil Davidson
(Times Books, 355 pp., $23)

Frontiers:
The Epic of South Africa's Creation and the Tragedy of the Xhosa People
by Noel Mostert
(Knopf, 1,326 pp., $35)

After Apartheid:
The Future of South Africa
by Sebastian Mallaby
(Times Books, 275 pp., $22)

Thus, while he rightly emphasizes the European domination of the nefarious trans-Atlantic slave trade, he does not mention that Africans themselves held slaves (though under conditions far less stringent than in the west), that African middlemen supplied the white traders with slaves, and that Arabs extracted slaves from Africa long before Europeans began to trade in slaves and continued to do so long after the trans-Atlantic trade had ended. Davidson also fails to point out that Africans' experiences of colonialism varied vastly. At their worst they were horrendous, as for the people who were worked to death in King Leopold of Belgium's Congo Free State; but the lives of many Africans were not much affected by colonial rule. In the colonial period, many Africans never even met a white person.

The key to Africa's disarray, according to Davidson, lies in the postcolonial experience. The boundaries imposed on postcolonial Africa did not correspond to Africa's natural divisions and did not contain potential nations. Many African cultural groups straddled more than one of the new states; nearly every new state contained more than one cultural group; and not one of the new states contained "middle strata" powerful enough to take control and make the system work as it did in Western Europe. Consequently, the nation-state failed to gain legitimacy in African eyes.

Davidson asserts that Western influences, especially American ones, maintained the basic relationships of the colonial era in the name of keeping the Soviets out. Africa was subordinated to the world market, and there was a persistent transfer of wealth to foreigners. During their cold war, both the Soviet Union and the United States intervened harmfully in Africa, as when the Soviets armed the military dictatorship in Ethiopia and the Americans subverted the elected regime in Angola. Internally, the nationalists inherited an impoverished countryside, with crowds of people moving to the towns. Leaders became rivals for control of sparse resources, at the expense of the masses. They treated ethnic loyalties as disruptive forces, giving them the derogatory label "tribalism," when in fact they were living realities, the traditional identities to which people held most strongly. Since Africa had regional and cultural rivalries and conflicts of interest rather than operable social classes, politicians vied with one another in gaining the support of local leaders by giving them access to the resources of the state—a relationship that Davidson calls "clientelism."

The new states, Davidson continues, also inherited the bureaucracies of the colonial system, which had been trained in authoritarian practices. These forces produced authoritarian one-party states, run by corrupt politicians and bureaucrats who "lived off foreign aid and the surplus extracted from an increasingly impoverished rural community, whose interests were shoved ever more painfully to the end of the line." In some cases "pirates" such as Idi Amin of Uganda, Jean-Bedel Bokassa of the Central African Republic, and the long-surviving Mobutu Sese Seko of Zaire seized control. Such men were "the children of their own ancestral cultures," but they were also "the product of an alienation that rejects those cultures, denies them moral force, and overrides their imperatives of custom and constraint."

Despite the fall of several of these "monsters" and recent signs of improvement in Uganda, Ghana, Nigeria, and Zambia, Davidson is not optimistic about the future of Africa. The gap between the haves and the have-nots appears uncrossable. "It was as though these nation-statist structures had functioned

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A view from Washington

THE VIEW FROM WASHINGTON: GOOD SCIENCE IS EXPENSIVE

Governments in Japan and other Pacific Rim countries target their pharmaceutical and biotechnology industries for growth, but we seem to be targeting ours for destruction. The pharmaceutical industry is a jewel — one of the few industries in the U.S. with a positive balance of trade — yet short-sighted government policies are beginning to threaten the long-term health of our industry and our people.

Why? Voters tell their legislators that drug prices are too high — and they want relief. Even though prescription drugs represent less than a nickel of every dollar spent on healthcare, they make an easy target for line-item cost-cutting.

As a pharmacist, CEO of a multinational pharmaceutical company, and chairman of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, I'd like to offer a larger perspective:

1) Good science is expensive.

2) Earnings from today's prescription drugs must pay for the discovery and development of new drugs and more-effective drugs with fewer side-effects.

3) Physicians must be taught about the appropriate use of new prescription drugs, and that's costly.

4) Prescription drug prices reflect value in human terms. For example, the antibiotic that cures a child's ear infection, returning the child to school and the parent to work is worth considerably more to that family and to society than the approximately $15 cost of ten day's worth of therapy with a leading, brand-name antibiotic.

Let's look at some of the costs involved in the science of drug research and development (R&D).

To discover new compounds in the lab, to screen them for biological activity and toxicity, to conduct two years of preclinical research and five to eight years of clinical studies in human beings, my own company currently employs (at one research site alone) 285 Ph.D's and M.D.'s 920 additional scientists, and 330 technicians and administrative staff, at a total annual employment cost of more than $109 million.

It costs more than $100,000 to equip a state-of-the-art research laboratory for one chemist or biochemist. An additional $40,000 is spent on equipment to provide that same scientist with essential structural information on the molecules under investigation.

A major factor affecting R&D expenses is that the easy diseases are behind us. Polio has been nearly eradicated. Antihypertensive medications have reduced the need for heart by-pass surgery, and antiulcer medicines have reduced the need for ulcer surgery. These are now generally well-treated with existing drug therapies. Diseases without effective treatments today — e.g., cancers, AIDS, and Alzheimer's — are diseases that develop slowly and are complicated to study. It takes many years and thousands of patients to evaluate new treatments for these chronic diseases; that makes biomedical research increasingly expensive.

It is private industry, not government or academia, that will pay to discover and develop future breakthrough treatments, if recent history repeats itself. Of the most-prescribed medicines patented in the U.S., 95 percent were patented by private industry, 3 percent by universities and government, and 2 percent by individual scientists. The pharmaceutical industry alone spent as much money on pharmaceutical R&D in 1991 as did the entire United States government for all medical research. If taxpayers had to pay for the R&D that companies like mine now fund, taxes would be much higher — or Americans would have to settle for fewer new drugs and far less hope of being able to conquer the serious diseases that still confront us.

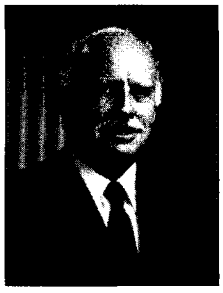
What about the role of marketing in adding to drug costs?

Approximately 60 percent of my company's marketing costs support professional medical representatives who meet personally with physicians to discuss a drug's appropriate use and its economic as well as its clinical value. The average annual cost to recruit, train and support a professional medical representative: $100,000.

Approximately ten percent of our marketing budget is spent on physician and patient education, including medical symposia, and another five percent on scientifically oriented ads to support medical journals that publish peer-reviewed studies on the latest medical breakthroughs.

Product samples comprise about 10 percent of my company's marketing budget. Should they be eliminated? No. Samples allow a physician to try a new medication to see if it works for a particular patient and if the side effects are tolerable, before the patient goes to the time and expense of having a new prescription filled. And samples provide a physician a way to help needy patients.

In summary, prescription drugs could be sold for less, but not without shortchanging our generation, our children and future generations who depend on life-saving or life-enhancing results from the investments in research and physician education we make today.



Paul E. Freiman
Chairman and CEO, Syntex Corporation, Palo Alto, CA., and 1992 Chairman, Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

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and must function so as to rob the best-intended wielders of power ... of any real capacity to share their power with those it was supposed to benefit."

Much of this amounts to a powerful critique of postcolonial Africa, and much of it is valid; but it is a partisan critique at every step. African states are not alone, for example, in having ethnically heterogeneous populations. Most countries in the world have that problem. (In the post-Soviet world, certainly, there is no realistic political alternative to nation-states.) Davidson's own remedies would not eliminate this structure. He would merely nibble at the nation-state from above and below. Following the European precedent, he would promote quasi-federal projects pointing toward "a gradual dismantlement of the nation-state legacy." Internally, he would promote "participatory democracy": to "become stable and progressive" the state must gain "popular legitimacy," and "it can do this only by processes of participatory democracy, no matter what the actual mechanisms may be found to be." These are desirable ideals, but they are goals rather than remedies. Davidson does not indicate how to achieve them on a continent where the record of quasi-federal schemes has not been impressive, and where the most forceful local bonds are tribal and ethnic.

In inflating the achievements of precolonial Africa, Davidson also fails to allow sufficiently for the fact that the more successful liberal democracies in the world today are the product of centuries of experience, punctuated by setbacks as well as advances, undergone by people with a long tradition of literacy. By contrast, the precolonial African societies that he praises lacked a literary culture until quite recently, when they were crudely overwhelmed by the West.

And there is a still more fundamental flaw in Davidson's view. Concerned, as in his previous work, to blame others for the misfortunes of Africans, his claim that the nation-state system is the great and crucial barrier to African prosperity has the effect of reducing Africans to passive victims of forces beyond their control. Even when we make full allowance for the fact that tropical Africans have been dealt a cruel hand, we are surely not justified in depriving them of all responsibility for their own affairs. Foreigners, alien institutions, droughts, and the capitalist system cannot be held wholly responsible for the bad government, the corruption, and the civil wars that degrade the continent more than thirty years after most African states became independent.

The inadequacy of Davidson's thesis is revealed when one studies the history of a specific African community, which is precisely what Noel Mostert does in *Frontiers: The Epic of South Africa's Creation and the Tragedy of the Xhosa People.* Today the Xhosa number 7 million and form 19 percent of the population of modern South Africa. Mostert, an Afrikaner who left South Africa in 1947 at the age of 17 and now lives in Morocco, offers a rich, sensitive, and detailed account of "the crucible of modern South Africa," where the Xhosa struggled for nearly a century to survive as an independent people. It is a grim story of expropriation and exploitation, in which the Xhosa leadership was assaulted and undermined at every turn and yet never totally vanquished.

The Xhosa were the first Bantu-speaking farmers to bear the brunt of colonialism. In the seventeenth century Dutch survivors of shipwrecks reported that their land was beautiful and productive, and that they were healthy people, living on the flesh of the plentiful wild game, on beer and on bread made from sorghum and millet, and on the milk of their most prized possessions, their cattle. Today that same land is desiccated and unproductive. The South African government has structured most of it into two pseudo-independent territories, known as the Ciskei (on the western side of the Kei River) and the Transkei. Its impoverished inhabitants, who try to scratch a living from exhausted soils and ill-conditioned livestock, depend largely on remittances from absent members of their families (mainly the men), who go out to work for white South African farmers and industrialists.

Mostert's book focuses on the beginning of that transformation, on the conquest of the Xhosa in a series of wars. With verve and empathy he describes the cultures and motivations of the people involved: Afrikaners and Britons; Khoikhoi, the indigenous cattle-keepers of the Cape of Good Hope who were reduced to servitude by the Dutch in the seventeenth century; and Xhosa. In clear English, without resort to the jargon of anthropologists, and without a touch of romanticism, he provides a superb account of Xhosa life before the conquest.

Their economy, Mostert explains, rested on the availability of extensive land for hunting, swidden agriculture, and pasturage for cattle. Their social and political relations were hierarchical. The dominant lineage was headed by a supreme chief or king, but his powers were symbolic rather than material, since every chief who had a few hundred followers aspired to be autonomous. Mostert shows, more lucidly than other writers, how polygamy and *lobola* (bride-wealth), which were denounced by white missionaries and laypeople alike, had moral validity in the Xhosa setting, and were crucial to the stability and the cohesion of their society. "*Lobola,*" he concludes, "was the root and branch of Xhosa society. It provided the laws governing the stability of personal and family relationships, the values of the society as a whole."

This way of life began to come under attack in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The first few wars were confused episodes, sparked by affrays between *trekboers,* or white frontiersmen of Dutch, French, and German descent, and members of the small autonomous Xhosa chiefdoms who lived closest to the Dutch colony. They were complicated by the fact that some Khoikhoi abandoned their *trekboer* masters and sided with the Xhosa.

Initially, neither the Xhosa chiefs nor the successive Dutch and British colonial authorities were able to bring order to the region. In 1806, however, the British took over the Cape Colony from the Dutch, and in 1811, in a brutal campaign, British troops with Boer and Khoikhoi allies drove the Xhosa beyond the Fish River—the first of many forcible removals of Africans from their land. The British plan was to build forts along the banks of the Fish River and make it a line of separation between the races. But the Fish River valley, with its thick bush, was permeable. The frontier zone on either side of it was chronically unstable—and it became the scene of trading, missionizing, labor-recruiting, and cattle-raiding. Periods of relative peace were punctuated by periods of warfare.

Wars started with African attempts to repel the newcomers and to regain lost territory; but sooner or later the colonial authorities would bring enough British troops to the frontier to wear down the Africans, in conjunction with local allies. The governor would then proclaim the extension of British authority further to the east and name one unfortunate chief to be responsible for the behavior of all the Xhosa. Pressures for retribution would again build up in Xhosa society until some incident precipitated a decision by some of the chiefs to make another bid to reverse the steady conquest.

The British settlers who were planted near the Fish River in 1820 were not told that they were located on territory recently evacuated by Africans, and interpreted their fate in racial terms. Robert Godlonton, a brilliant polemi-

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cist, fanned their racism in the *Grahamstown Journal*. Mitford Bowker, a settler politician, expressed the views of many members of his community when he told a public meeting that the Xhosa should be exterminated: "I begin to think that he too, as well as the springbok, must give place, and why not? Is it just that a few thousands of ruthless, worthless savages are to sit like a nightmare upon a land that would support millions of civilized men happily?" Grahamstown merchants, who profited from supplying the needs of the British troops, joined in the incitements to warfare.

And so it went on. The succeeding wars, in 1846-47 and 1850, were waged more brutally than the previous ones. From the very beginning, the British military had been responsible for many atrocities, because it did not regard its enemies as fully human. In 1850 the British governor was calling for extermination, and one of his senior officers told his men to "give no quarter to any Kaffir." All should be "hanged or shot, 'without benefit of clergy.'" By that time the Xhosa were torturing to death any military prisoners who fell into their hands, but to the very end they refrained from killing white women and children and sheltered the missionaries from violence.

By the mid-1850s the British had destroyed thousands of Xhosa villages and their crops, captured tens of thousands of their cattle, forcibly removed numerous communities from their homes and planted them elsewhere, and extended the British frontier to the Kei River. These events should serve to remind us that there were ample precedents in preindustrial South Africa for many of the horrors of apartheid: segregation myths, forced removals, official violence provoking violent resistance.

Mostert is especially adept at penetrating the minds of his characters, black and white. His book enters deeply into the personalities of leading Xhosa. Nxele, a prophet who organized a massive attack that very nearly overwhelmed the frontier city of Grahamstown in 1819, voluntarily surrendered and was imprisoned four miles from Cape Town on Robben Island, which was to be the fate of many famous prisoners. In 1820 Nxele tried to escape, but his boat was wrecked on the breakers and he drowned. Maqoma, the nephew of Ngqika, a Xhosa chief, was (in Mostert's words) "seen by all as indisputably the greatest leader, the potential organizer of Xhosa military power, and the likeliest indigenous victor, if there was to be one." Toward the end of a long and

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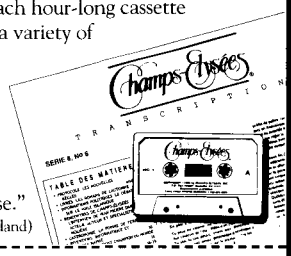

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checkered career, in which the government repeatedly moved him and his followers from one location to another, he begged to be given a plot of land where he could become a progressive farmer; but eventually Maqoma, too, was incarcerated on Robben Island, where he died in 1873. And Hintsa, who had symbolic authority as the paramount chief of all the Xhosa, came to a deplorable end during the war of 1834-35. After the British invaded his territory, Hintsa voluntarily went to the commanding officer's camp, hoping to negotiate a settlement; but he was treated as a prisoner, and when he tried to escape he was shot dead and his body was mutilated in the presence of the commanding officer, Colonel Harry Smith.

Mostert also provides revealing verbal portraits of the British governors of the Cape Colony, who splattered their names—and the names of some of their wives—across the map of South Africa. Nearly all of them were stubbornly ignorant of the realities of African life and persisted in formulating unrealistic policies and implementing them with devastating cruelty. They included Lord Charles Somerset, an aristocrat who consumed half the colonial budget for his own salary and household and placed his incompetent and cowardly son in a military command on the frontier; and Sir Benjamin D'Urban, a great procrastinator, who repeatedly promised to come and put things right but remained stuck in Cape Town until the frontier exploded, and then reported to London that the Xhosa were "irreclaimable savages."

Mostert's account of the conquest of the Xhosa is compatible with Davidson's views: they were undoubtedly the victims of a brutal process of conquest. And yet the calamitous events of 1856 and 1857 are too ambiguous to classify in the same glib way. Drawing on J.B. Peires's *The Dead Will Arise*, Mostert narrates the disaster that the Xhosa subsequently inflicted on themselves. By that time, following "the longest, cruelest, and most penalizing of all frontier wars, the frontier Xhosa were in a severe state of spiritual, political, and economic crisis after a century of progressive land loss, strenuous assault upon their traditions and customs, and military defeat." The last straw was a disease known as lung sickness, which took a heavy toll on their cattle.

And so people were ready to act on a millenarian vision. When a village headman reported that a young girl named Nongqawuse had a prophetic experience, people believed him. She had seen strangers who had told her that they should kill their cattle. A new world would then replace the world of their affliction, their ancestors would be resurrected, and the whites and their African allies would be swept into the sea. Sarili, Hintsa's son and his successor as supreme chief, went to investigate and pronounced himself convinced.

The Xhosa divided into Believers and Unbelievers, and people started to kill their cattle. Through late 1856 and early 1857, successive dates for the transformation came and went, and still nothing happened. Then came the famine. By the end of 1857, nearly two-thirds of the Xhosa people between the Kei and the Keiskamma rivers are estimated to have died, and a higher proportion still of those west of the Keiskamma. Many of the survivors staggered into the colony in search of work. Mostert offers a sardonic comment on this catastrophe:

> What the missionaries and the successive governments for the previous thirty years had been struggling with ever greater intensity to achieve, the destruction of the power of the principal chiefs and of the social structure of the Xhosa people, was suddenly and, for the colonists, providentially accomplished.

The proletarianization of the African peoples of South Africa had begun.

More than a century has passed since the Xhosa succumbed to white rule. During that period they have recovered from their self-inflicted wounds. They have bred and multiplied. They have grasped the opportunities for acquiring the skills of their conquerors. They have adapted and reconstructed their social networks to cope with the changing situation. And they have produced most of the leaders of the African National Congress, including Nelson Mandela, Oliver Tambo, Walter Sisulu, Govan and Thabo Mbeki, and Chris Hani.

But what now are their prospects, and the prospects of the other 30 million inhabitants of South Africa (including the ten Homelands)? If South Africans succeed in overcoming the present impasse, and in devising a democratic constitution, with votes for all South Africans on a fair basis, will the new South Africa be another case of initial euphoria followed by decline into inefficiency, authoritarianism, corruption, social conflict, and economic debacle?

In *After Apartheid*, Sebastian Mallaby, a young Englishman who has reported from the region for *The Economist*, supplies a useful guide to the problem. Writing in December 1991, he was cautiously optimistic that the Convention for a Democratic South Africa (CODESA), which held its first meetings in that month, would pave the way for the transfer of power to a democratically elected government. CODESA, comprising representatives of the ruling National Party and the ANC, as well as fifteen other political organizations, was expected to authorize the creation of an interim coalition government and the election of a constituent assembly, which would be charged with drafting a new constitution containing agreed democratic principles.

Both the N.P. (led by President F.W. de Klerk) and the ANC (led by its president, Nelson Mandela) were anxious for a successful outcome, and in CODESA they and the other participants reached agreement on many issues. For example, the new constitution was to include universal suffrage and a bill of rights containing at least individual rights and political rights of the sort embodied in the American Constitution. Still, by June it was apparent that the most crucial question of all was not resolved. Both the N.P. and the ANC were clinging to rival hegemonic claims. The N.P. is insisting on constitutional devices that would guarantee it a veto in the proposed constituent assembly and new parliament, while the ANC is determined that a party supported by a majority of the electorate (which it expects to be) should have effective control. In other words, the N.P. hopes to be able to block substantial changes while the ANC wants to be empowered to transform the country.

Those negotiations were taking place, moreover, in an alarming social context. According to a press report quoted by Mallaby, Cape Town is the most violent place on earth, with 64.6 murders a year per 100,000 people (five times the rate in New York, twenty times the rate in London). Johannesburg cannot be far behind. And the bloodletting shows no sign of abating. In June the impasse in CODESA coincided with the violent events at Boipatong, an African township near Johannesburg, in which a Zulu mob massacred forty-two local men, women, and children. Two days later the residents prevented de Klerk from making a speech there and police fired into the crowd, killing two blacks and wounding many more.

The Boipatong killings led to the suspension of the negotiations and the introduction of a United Nations presence in South Africa. The ANC pulled out of CODESA, demanding that the government provide better security in the African townships. In early August it mobilized support by organizing a successful two-day strike and a massive march to the government buildings in Pretoria. Meanwhile, the U.N. Security

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Council sent a special envoy to investigate conditions in South Africa and to recommend steps to speed negotiations for a peaceful transition to majority rule. In addition, U.N. observers monitored the strike.

These events have brought into question the good faith of de Klerk. Although the white electorate, in a referendum in March, authorized him to proceed with the negotiations, it is probable that he has always intended to block the effectiveness of a black-dominated government. But the last few years have also revealed the deep divisions within black South Africa. Before the late 1980s, the government had repressed differences among its opponents; but the progressive unraveling of apartheid has unleashed potent ideological and political conflicts among Africans, who are competing fiercely for power in the new South Africa. Although the ANC claims to have the support of the majority of the African population, its organization is feeble and its strength has never been tested at the polls. The more radical Pan Africanist Congress and Azanian People's Organization have still sketchier structures, but they are expecting to benefit from African disillusionment with the ANC. Claiming that the ANC was selling out to the government, both of them refused to take part in CODESA.

Ethnicity, too, is a powerful force in South Africa. Although the ANC's ideology is national and not ethnic (or racial), its leadership, as we have seen, is predominantly Xhosa. The Inkatha Freedom Party, led by Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi, the chief minister of the KwaZulu Homeland, is essentially a Zulu movement. Its organizational efficiency is second only to that of the N.P., it benefits from financial and moral support from the South African government, and its conservative, law-and-order policy is liable to attract middle-class Africans of other ethnic backgrounds.

In explaining the violence in South Africa, Mallaby lays great stress on the "culture of ungovernability" that black leaders themselves propagated in their struggle against apartheid. But to frame the discussion in that way is misleading. The causes of the violence are complicated. Apartheid has brutalized young black South Africans and confined them to a largely irrelevant and grossly inferior educational system; but unemployment, poverty, family breakdown, and despair have also contributed to the violence, especially among the young. During the five years preceding October 1991, according to the Development

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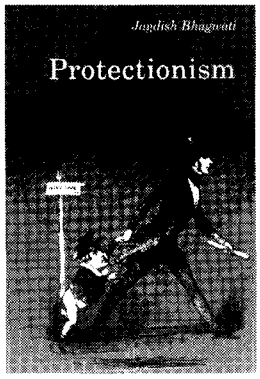

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Bank of South Africa, only 8.4 percent of nearly 400,000 South Africans entering the job market found employment.

Criminality shades off into ideological and ethnic conflicts. In Natal there is virtual civil warfare between the predominantly rural Zulu members of Inkatha and the predominantly urban Zulu supporters of the ANC. On the Witwatersrand, Zulu migrant laborers who are housed in filthy, spartan, unisex hostels rampage among the neighborhood residents, most of whom are not Zulu. Members of the South African police force have fueled those conflicts by assisting the Inkatha faction. In July a judicial commissioner reported that members of the police were out of control, and a government pathologist declared publicly that many blacks who have died in jail were killed by the police.

What, then, will happen in South Africa? There are cogent economic reasons why the politicians should return to the negotiating table. As Mallaby explains very well, the South African economy has been contracting, not expanding, and the people (including whites) have been getting poorer, not richer. Apartheid and domestic conflict have been largely responsible for the recession, though international sanctions have also played a part, especially in drying up foreign capital investment. Thus all parties have at least a material interest in solving the political problem. In the next few months we may expect the N.P. and the ANC, and also Inkatha, to hammer out an agreement giving Africans seats in an interim government, settling the basic elements of a new constitution, and creating a constituent assembly to produce that document.

The hardest bargaining, of course, will be over the checks to be placed on the legal power of a majority party. (These will certainly provide for some degree of special parliamentary majority for the enactment of legislation on important topics.) But when elections take place, the results may surprise many people. The N.P. may enter into an electoral pact with Inkatha and contrive to win a majority of the seats, with the support of the Coloured (mixed-race) and Indian communities, which form about 10 percent of the population (and most of whom fear black Africans).

But that would not amount to a permanent solution. The ANC and the more radical movements would merely resume the struggle for power. Sooner or later there is likely to be a black African-dominated government. Will South Africa avoid the fate of tropical Africa when that occurs? It might: despite the recession, South Africa has distinct advantages over the countries further north. It enjoys a wide range of valuable mineral resources and the best infrastructure on the continent, including extensive roads and railways, excellent ports, working telephones, and mature financial institutions. It also has a vigorous press, good universities, and (though most of its members are white) an established middle class.

Still, to acquire legitimacy with the African masses a black African-dominated government will have to find the financial means to satisfy their urgent demands for food, shelter, jobs, health care, and education, without provoking the emigration of skilled people—most of whom are white—or continuing to deter foreign investors from pumping much-needed capital into the economy. It will also have to win the loyalty of the police, the army, and the bureaucracy. And it will face challenges from forces on the far right and the far left that may try to undermine the new regime by violent as well as legal methods. It is important to remember that a majority government is not necessarily the same thing as a democratic government. Time will show if the future South African government will manage to accomplish these healing things democratically, or if it will resort to authoritarian methods and start along the well-trodden African road to collapse. •

Parlor Games

BY EDMUND S. MORGAN

The Refinement of America: Persons, Houses, Cities by Richard L. Bushman

(Knopf, 544 pp., $40)

When asked why he studied history, the economist and historian R. H. Tawney answered, with the simplicity of the wise, that the world seemed an odd place and he wondered how it got that way. American historians, asking how the American world got to be the way it is, have sometimes found Tawney's writings useful, particularly his arguments, in *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, that the development of what we now call the "work ethic" was a driving force in the creation of modern societies. Americans seemed to display, at least in past centuries, a special attachment to the virtues of industry, thrift, and unremitting productive work. After 1776, when they broke loose from the grip of the English monarchy, they turned their backs on both monarchy and aristocracy and married their work ethic to a classical republicanism, taking as their central creed the dictum of the Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal. Their subsequent history can be written as the gradual extension of that dictum in their relations with one another and with the rest of the world.

Obviously there is more to American history, more than can be explained by such simple beliefs in work or equality. What should we say, however, to the suggestion that Americans got to be the way they are by trying to act as much as possible like Italian Renaissance courtiers, by trying to show no visible interest in work and governing their lives in emulation of a world known only to kings and titled aristocrats? That is precisely what Richard L. Bushman argues, indeed demonstrates, in this remarkable book. He does not question the sincerity or the power of American commitment to work and equality. What he shows is the simultaneous power of something that might be called snobbery, if we could think of snobbery as a psychological drive motivating all but the permanent poor.

Bushman does not use the word, perhaps because it is too feeble and too pejorative for so potent a force. The terms he uses are gentility, respectability, and refinement, which attach more to the effects of the force than to its driving power. It is to the effects that he devotes himself, to effects that leave us in no doubt, as he adds them up in compelling detail, that we are dealing with something, whatever we call it, that has profoundly affected how we came to be the way we are.

Bushman begins with a brief picture of seventeenth-century America, when the rich and powerful seem to have been less concerned than they later became about the visible trappings of their status. Perhaps in the smaller communities of the time everyone knew the pecking order, and outward symbols of it seemed less

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important than they had long been in Europe and were to become in America. Beginning around the second quarter of the eighteenth century, Americans of "the better sort" (a phrase in common use at the time) initiated the pursuit of a gentility that would distinguish them more visibly from their inferiors.

The most conspicuous distinctions appeared in their housing. Hitherto most of the better sort had been content to live in one- or two-room houses with a minimum of privacy, comfort, and decoration. Now they began to add to them, or better yet to build new and much larger ones, sometimes true mansions, often of brick instead of the traditional wood. This was the time when the great houses of the Southern planters made their appearance simultaneously with the stately townhouses of Northern merchants, to be imitated on a lesser scale by lesser folk throughout the thirteen colonies. The new houses were doubtless more comfortable than the old ones, but it was not comfort that dictated their design. Their distinctive feature was the addition of a room devoted solely to entertaining company. Thus was born the parlor, a room that added nothing to comfort, furnished with items designed only to display to visitors the genteel good taste of the owner. The grandest mansions would also have a ballroom, the largest room of the house, similarly reserved for entertaining and impressing visitors, in this case only those whose own gentility made them worthy of the honor.

It required a degree of disposable income to afford these architectural expressions of gentility, but much more than wealth was involved. Gentility was a code of behavior, originating, Bushman finds, in the Italian guide books for courtiers in the sixteenth century and descending in a direct line to the conduct books for the gentry of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century England and America and to the American etiquette books of the nineteenth century. Gentility did not come naturally to anyone. It had to be taught, and the conduct books were its textbooks, useful for both pupils and instructors, parents and children. From them the uninitiated learned the right way to stand and walk and talk ("do not puff up the cheeks, loll not out the tongue, rub the hands, or beard, thrust out the lips, or bite them or keep the lips too open or too close"); how to address their superiors, inferiors, and equals, whether in speech or in writing; how to dress; how to eat ("gnaw not bones at the table, but clean them with thy knife"); how to laugh (not loud); how to do everything except work, which was not a genteel activity. And the proper way to do

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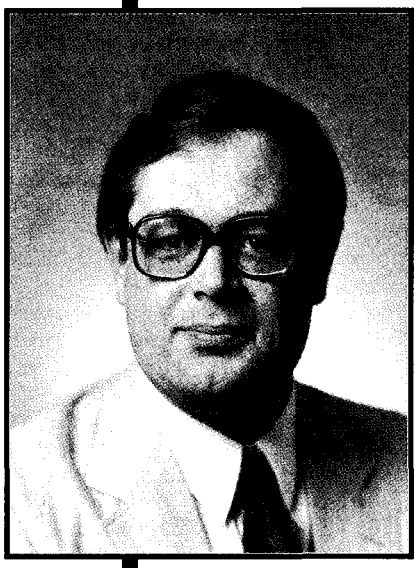

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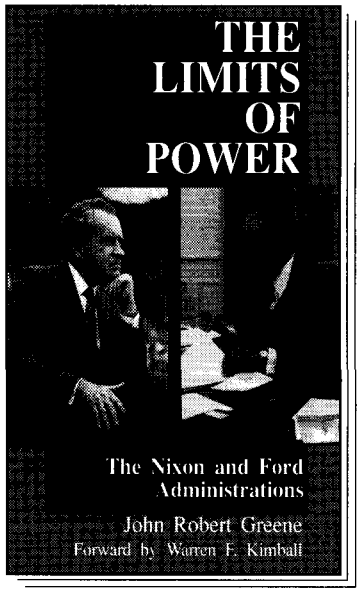

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everything, although the guide books may have given no hint of it, was how the sixteenth-century Italian courtiers had been taught to do it. Theirs was the way, for example, to write with a pen, to begin and close a letter, even the distance from the top of the page at which to begin it (varying with the rank of the person addressed).

Genteel activities required genteel surroundings. Hence the new houses. But genteel people could not always be inside. And when they ventured outdoors, their sensibilities were not to be offended by what they saw. A proper house should have a proper garden, laid out in a formal pattern, ideally an outdoor extension of the parlor, where visitors could be taken for a walk and polite conversation. Beyond the garden, in town or city, there should be suitable places to meet with other genteel folk. Hence the eighteenth century saw special halls built for elegant "assemblies." In the absence of such halls, a favored tavern, formerly a meeting place of high and low, could build or set aside a suitable parlorlike room, where gentility would not be offended by coarseness. The beautification program might even extend to designing cities so that a part of them at least would be calculated to please the tasteful eye and to exclude the rude structures dictated by the demands of work. Trees were planted to line the streets, houses were painted, and promenades created where the polite could stroll in their best clothes.

In the eighteenth century, this pursuit of gentility was confined for the most part to that small fraction of the population acknowledged as the better sort. But its influence was already beginning to extend downward. In ordinary one-room or two-room houses, knives and forks and plates were replacing spoons and a common bowl. By the beginning of the nineteenth century the aspiration was spreading like a virus. People who worked long hours to make a living worked longer and harder in order to give the appearance of not having to work at all, at least when company came. The ideal now was respectability, and as the parlor had been the eminent symbol of eighteenth-century gentility, it now became the hallmark of middle-class respectability. Even farmers—always the prime exemplars of the work ethic and republican equality—added parlors to their houses, where they themselves scarcely dared set a muddy foot. All the workaday activities of the household migrated to the rear, while the front rooms were reserved for an uncomfortable leisure and for the visitors who knew but must not admit that the rooms existed only in order to impress others with the owner's respectability.

For the eighteenth-century gentry, the display of gentility in the creation of useless space had at least served a function as an emblem of their political and social power. The same could not be said for the mass of nineteenth-century people who flaunted their gentrified manners and unused parlors in open defiance of their own declared adherence to the creed of equality and hard work. That they could live with such contradictory principles may appear less surprising when we recall that some of the most ardent spokesmen for equality, including the author of the Declaration of Independence, lived and died as slaveholders. Both contradictions were obvious enough to be embarrassing. It took a civil war to remove the embarrassment of slavery. No one took up arms, of course, in defense of gentility, and yet it has proved as resilient as the racial prejudice that survived the demise of slavery.

Some of the same Americans who led the charge against slavery felt a similar, if weaker, embarrassment about a respectability that denied them the comforts of home in their own houses. Lyman Beecher's daughters, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Catherine Beecher, led the way in what Bushman calls the "domestication" of gentility. It was ridiculous, they argued, for housework to be hidden as though it were something to be ashamed of, and for the best rooms of a house to be shut off as a shrine to false gods. A number of architects and designers joined in the effort to bring comfort to the parlor, and to make of it a place where the family could enjoy reading, conversation, and other benefits of civilized leisure, which were, after all, the fruits of their hard work. The mark of their success was the replacement of some of the parlor's straightbacked chairs (gentility required an erect posture sitting or standing) by rocking chairs.

Still, if gentility was domesticated, it did not lose its force. The most spectacular example of its power offered by Bushman was in religion. Here, too, the most conspicuous outward manifestation lay in architecture. Seventeenth-century Protestant churches, except for the Episcopalian ones, had been simple structures, usually known as meetinghouses. (The word "church" was reserved for the membership.) By the end of the eighteenth century, however, Protestant architecture had begun to follow the Episcopal example by adding steeples. White paint, interior and exterior, followed.

Then came the reorientation of the interior. The earlier churches had placed the pulpit at the side of the building, and doors might be anywhere. Now the interior was reoriented longitudinally with the doors at one end and the pulpit and communion table, looking a little more like an altar, facing the doors along a central aisle at the other end. Organs made their appearance, hymns sung in unison replaced the cacophonous singing of psalms, and the building itself, not merely the membership, received the sacred name of church. The most evangelical and most popular denominations, the Baptists and the Methodists, resisted the changes longer than the others, but by the middle of the nineteenth century they, too, had succumbed to the respectability of steeples, paint, and elegance.

The transformation ran deep. At the center of Protestant religion lay the experience of conversion, a new birth in which the Holy Spirit enabled sinners to cast off the frivolities of the world in a selfless dedication to Christ. One of the signs of such a change had been the discarding of fancy clothing, costly jewelry, idle behavior, attendance at balls, and indeed most of the activities that characterized gentility. Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, and Methodists had often disciplined or expelled members for indulging in such activities. Now, by the kind of casuistry in which theologians have always excelled, conversion itself could be seen as a movement from coarse thoughts and behavior to gentility. As Bushman puts it, "Instead of stripping people of their gentility, conversion could burn away vulgarity and elevate the spirit to higher levels of sensibility and good taste." Even God himself came to look more and more like a gentleman.

The change was great enough to require a rewriting of history to fit the party line of respectability. Formerly the history of New England had been told as a tale of decline and renewal, with the founders of the colonies as the primitive models to which subsequent generations were periodically recalled, in revivals that could never quite reach the purity of the beginnings. Now the historians of Congregationalism took the architectural improvement of their churches as a measure of spiritual progress and patronized the founders for doing their best in the face of the handicap that had placed them "two generations and more earlier than Locke, three before Addison, and five before Johnson." In the new history, as Bushman puts it, "What New England lacked in the seventeenth century was instruction in Augustan gentility."

This is a disturbing book, and it

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becomes the more so as the author piles up the evidence for the power of gentility or respectability over the minds of people who seemingly had little to gain from it. Granted, there were aesthetic advantages: it was probably more pleasing to the eye as well as the palate to eat from a plate with knife and fork rather than to dip a greasy paw into a common pot. Still, the striving for gentility, despite its partial domestication, imposed strains that would seem to have far outweighed most of the aesthetic benefits of living the polite life in the house beautiful.

That people felt the strain is evident from the running satirical comments that it elicited, but it is easier to document the addiction than to account for it. Bushman offers some hints in a closing analysis of some of the larger, long-range effects on American society. A number of historians have recently called attention to the growth of a "consumer culture" in eighteenth-century England and America. Expressions of devotion to the work ethic have often taken the form of laments for its loss, and eighteenth-century Americans (especially during and after the Revolution) had reason to complain that their countrymen were abandoning the simple life for the baubles of luxury that went with genteel living.

As Bushman reminds us, however, the rise of capitalist commerce and industrialism was linked as much to the creation of a domestic market for such baubles as it was to the willing labor force induced by the work ethic. The spread downward of gentility was in the interest of those who made and sold the finery that it required. Instead of resenting the encroachment of ordinary people on their way of life, the powerful had reason to welcome it. At the same time, by making the artifacts of gentility affordable through mass production, they put gentility up for grabs. Thus, instead of merely envying their superiors, ordinary people did their best to join them.

The result was not to heighten class consciousness, but to suppress it. And the domestication of gentility furthered the suppression. In its domesticated version, gentility was open to all who would embrace its way of life. The creed of equality itself demanded no less. Whatever differences of wealth might separate Americans, genteel behavior was available (if not in all its trappings) to anyone who would take the trouble to learn it. There was no working class, there was no aristocracy, there were only respectable, genteel people and coarse, unpolished people.

The irony, as Bushman points out, is that this kind of equality represented a triumph for precisely the aristocratic culture that Americans thought they had repudiated. They had never had a titled aristocracy, and in their laws and their constitutions they expressly forbade it, but in their pursuit of gentility, by whatever name, they paid tribute to it. It became a kind of ideal, existing always somewhere else—in the city, if you lived in the country; in Europe, if you lived in the city—never fully attained but always beckoning, and beckoning so powerfully as to challenge or to reshape the other ideals to which the republic was dedicated.

In recent decades we have become, or so we may hope, more sharply aware of the continuing conflict between our commitment to equality and the continuing denial of it in the treatment of minorities and women. We have not been so conscious of the challenge of gentility, if we have recognized it at all. Bushman makes us recognize what it did to our society in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. He leaves us to ask ourselves whether we have overcome it in the twentieth.

EDMUND S. MORGAN is Sterling Professor of History emeritus at Yale.

The Ego and the Yid

BY DAVID STERN

Freud's Moses: Judaism Terminable and Interminable by Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi

(Yale University Press, 159 pp., $25)

Freud and Moses: The Long Journey Home by Emanuel Rice

(State University of New York Press, 266 pp., $59.50, $19.95 paper)

The question of Sigmund Freud's Jewishness haunts the literature of psychoanalysis like a recurring dream, or a nightmare. It is also a question that haunts the literature of secular Judaism. Freud has become a kind of exemplar, a model, for a certain type of assimilated modern Jew, whose identity is defined by character rather than by content, who insists upon "a Jewishness that resist[s] definition," as Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi writes in his enlightening book. Borrowing from Philip Rieff, Yerushalmi calls the type the Psychological Jew. It includes, he writes,

> those many who have evinced no special need to define themselves as Jews or to embrace any particular form of visible Jewish commitment, but who have felt themselves to be somehow irreducibly Jewish nonetheless.... Alienated from classical Jewish texts, Psychological Jews tend to insist on inalienable Jewish traits. Intellectuality and independence of mind, the highest ethical and moral standards, concern for social justice, tenacity in the face of persecution—these are among the qualities they will claim, if called upon, as quintessentially Jewish.

At this late date in the secularization of Jewish life, the type will be familiar. Freud, to be sure, was not the first Psychological Jew. But he is, fittingly enough, perhaps the prime example, even the hero, of the type, and the difficulties involved in defining the precise nature of Psychological Jewishness are closely connected to those that attend the attempt to characterize the nature of Freud's own Jewishness. These difficulties derive partly from the fact that Psychological Jewishness is, by definition, an implicit kind of identity, a sensibility, rather than an explicit and overt commitment to a particular set of beliefs. And still more difficulties arise from the fact that Psychological Jews tend to send out contradictory, often confusing signals: they usually wish to obfuscate their Jewishness at least as much as they wish to clarify it.

This was especially true of Freud. Throughout his life he called attention to his Jewish identity and consistently denied that Judaism as a religious tradition had exerted any significant influence upon his life and work. "How comes it," he wrote the Swiss clergyman Oskar Pfister in 1918, that "one had to wait for a completely godless Jew" to invent psychoanalysis? A defiant atheist who condemned all religion as collective neurosis, Freud maintained throughout his life, perhaps too adamantly, that psycho-

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analysis was in no way "a Jewish science." And yet in his autobiographical sketches he complained that his father let him "grow up in perfect ignorance of everything concerning Judaism." He claimed to know no Hebrew or Yiddish, and described his childhood home as devoid of any Jewish observance. Yet there is evidence to the contrary. And it is certainly no secret that Freud was endlessly fascinated by the Bible, particularly by the figure of Moses.

This fascination culminated in his last completed work, *Moses and Monotheism*, whose first two parts appeared in the psychoanalytic journal *Imago*, in Vienna, in 1937; the third part was withheld by Freud until 1939, after he had fled Austria for England, and the year of his death. It is a book whose oddness and obscurity provide an almost fitting conclusion to the enigma surrounding the question of his Jewish identity throughout his life. Arguing that monotheism was invented not by the Jews but the Egyptian Pharaoh Ikhnaton, Freud hypothesized in the book that Moses, himself an Egyptian nobleman by birth, introduced Ikhnaton's religion much later to the Israelites, but they, unable to bear its rigorous standards of belief, rebelled against Moses and killed him. Moses' monotheistic teachings managed to survive underground until they resurfaced, centuries later, to become again the national religion of the Jews.

Not surprisingly, *Moses and Monotheism* was instantly surrounded by controversy. The book was criticized for its use of spurious, often discredited biblical scholarship, and its author's argument was interpreted, particularly by angry Jewish reviewers, as an expression of Jewish self-hatred. And yet, only a few years before writing *Moses and Monotheism*, in 1930, in the preface to the Hebrew edition of *Totem and Taboo*, Freud had responded unambiguously and proudly to the question about what could possibly be left of Judaism for someone like himself, who was estranged from both the religion of his fathers and its nationalist ideals. "A very great deal," he wrote. "Probably its very essence."

That Freud knew enough about Judaism to say what was, and was not, its essence is doubtful. Still, what to make of this pronouncement, and of others that seem to contradict it, is a question that has exercised students of Freud's life and work since his lifetime. His first great biographer, Ernest Jones, (and later students such as the historian Peter Gay) more or less followed Freud's own lead, accepting at face value his disavowals of Jewish influence. At the opposite side of the spectrum, scholars like Marthe Robert have insisted upon a persistent presence of the Jewish "spirit" in Freud, however ambivalent and Oedipally conflicted that spirit may have been. Other scholars, more desirous of finding a place for Freud within the Jewish fold, have speculated, sometimes wildly, on the hidden sources of psychoanalysis in the traditions of Jewish mysticism; and still more recently the vast machinery of post-structuralism has been deployed to uncover affinities between Talmudic methods of interpretation and Freudian hermeneutics.

The absence of supporting evidence—biographical, literary, logical—has not deterred these efforts one bit. It is to the credit, therefore, of Yerushalmi, a professor of Jewish history at Columbia, and Emanuel Rice, a psychoanalyst and a professor of psychiatry in New York City, that they have refrained from speculating upon connections so secret or features so profound that they can never be proved or disproved, even as they argue for a far more decisive place for Jewishness in Freud's personal and intellectual development.

Working independently, Yerushalmi and Rice have discovered some heretofore unknown evidence, and on its basis they have reinterpreted earlier pieces of information so as altogether to change our understanding of Freud's family and his early background. While their works have significantly different perspectives, Rice and Yerushalmi both recast the question of Freud's Jewishness in the light of a far more nuanced understanding of Judaism and Jewish history. And both succeed in showing that Freud's Jewish background must have played a more significant role than students of psychoanalysis have allowed.

Rice has done a painstaking job of detective work by re-examining nearly every shred of evidence that has ever been offered up as proof of Freud's estrangement from Judaism and Jewish tradition. Not surprisingly, the greater part of that evidence centers on Freud's father. Born in Galicia, Jakob Freud grew up in an Orthodox Jewish home, studied in a yeshiva through adolescence, and then entered the textile business before he came to Vienna, where he eventually married Sigmund's mother, Amalia Nathanson, who also came from an Orthodox Galician family. In Vienna, however, Jakob fell under the influence of the Haskalah, or the Jewish Enlightenment, and (so the conventional argument goes) forsook traditional Jewish observance and existence.

This account relies on several statements made by Sigmund and other

A Bamboo Brushpot

It was for my table, to put my pencils in
While I considered a fresh way to begin,
This brushpot chance had brought my way, a coarse
Bamboo copy of a Chinese emperor's,
Minutely carved in boxwood. My bamboo showed
A mountain wall with billowing cliff that flowed
In tumult round its sides, then fell away—
Revealing a tableau of men at play.
It told of one who ruled well long ago:
Old Xie An, now seated at a low
Table; around him attendants in court dress;
All concentrating on a game of chess.

The minister would play, but he can hear
The sound of messengers, whose charioteer
Draws up his team around the bend. The horses
Neigh; the news is of vast enemy forces
Invading the Northern frontier. Xie An plays;
Deliberation rules while he surveys
His partner's options, and the partner makes
His move. The game continues. A new day wakes
The far side of the wall. News from the North:
For two days victory flew back and forth;
Now Xie An has conquered. He refrains
From looking up. At the board his hand remains
Poised for a move. Aloof alike from word
Of victory or defeat, he has not stirred.

This botched pot's crudely carved, volume and line;
Of humble pulp that won't admit the fine
Detail that pleased an emperor once, and yet
That cloud-capped game's too earnest to forget.
May he continue play beside my chair
And I, to news just made, turn a deaf ear;
Go to confusion's bleachers as to school;
Greet squalid terror with stolidity,
And the cloudy invader with such deliberate cool
As showed an old man's skeptic mastery.

Stephen Sandy

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members of the Freud family, as well as on three additional pieces of "factual" evidence. The first of these is the belief that Jakob's acknowledged affinities for the Enlightenment are necessarily proof for his estrangement from traditional Judaism. The second is the family Bible that was owned by Jakob, a "modern" edition produced by the Reform rabbi Ludwig Philippson that included a German translation and a historical introduction; such a volume, it is assumed, would not have been found on the shelf of a self-respecting Orthodox Jew, but must have been the property of a committed assimilationist. The third (and the most compelling) is the fact that Jakob and Amalia were married by Isaac Noah Mannheimer in a Reform temple—again, something an Orthodox Jew would never allow.

But Mannheimer was not a Reform rabbi, as Rice shows. He was an independent and idiosyncratic figure who did not fit easily into any religious camp. He was also the sole rabbi in Vienna in the mid-nineteenth century who was officially authorized by the civil authorities to sanction Jewish marriages, which was why Jakob and Amalia chose to be married by him. As for the Philippson Bible, the interpretation of Jakob's ownership of that Bible as proof of his assimilationism or his commitment to religious reform has the same inadequacy as the view that Jakob's attraction to the Enlightenment is proof in itself of his alienation from Judaism. For the Enlightenment, particularly in its Western European version, encompassed a wide range of attitudes toward traditional Judaism; it by no means mandated a rejection of belief or observance. Thus, Rice cites testimony that Jakob remained a devoted student of the Talmud into his old age, and his two other sons, Sigmund's brothers, who settled in Manchester, remained active in the Orthodox community there throughout their lives, which was hardly likely if they were the children of a staunch assimilationist. And there is suggestive evidence that Amalia Freud remained religiously observant throughout her life, even keeping a kosher home.

Similar difficulties arise in accepting Freud's repeated claim that he knew no Yiddish or Hebrew. For one thing, his mother never fully mastered German; her native tongue was Galician Yiddish, and she most probably used that language to speak to her children, including Sigmund (if the two ever spoke). As for Hebrew, Freud must have passed through the twelve years of exposure to Hebrew studies that was mandated by the Viennese educational system, and for some of that time he may have been privately tutored by Jakob, who was fluent in Hebrew. Thus it is especially difficult to take Freud at his word when he claimed to be unable even to recognize Hebrew characters!

Still, of all the evidence indicating not only that Freud knew Hebrew but that he knew much more than he ever let on, the most provocative is the Hebrew dedication that Jakob wrote to Sigmund in the family Bible. Like many Jews, Jakob used the family Bible as a register for recording the dates of significant family milestones, such as the death of Jakob's own father or the birth of his eldest son Shelomo/Sigmund. On the latter's thirty-fifth birthday, Jakob had the Bible re-bound and presented it to him with an elaborate and lengthy inscription in the form of a Hebrew poem. Composed in an ornate style known as *melitsah*, a medieval literary device that was revived by enlighteners and classicists, the poem consists almost entirely of arcane allusions and quotations from the Bible (and possibly one rabbinic text) that are imbedded, mosaic-like, in its every phrase and line.

Rice points out, as does Yerushalmi, that no previous student of Freud's life and work has ever known enough Hebrew to appreciate the dedication's significance. It is, for one thing, clear testimony to Jakob's virtuosic command of the Bible, a kind of mastery that Jakob surely would not have retained had he been entirely estranged from Judaism. Admittedly, the father's dedication is no indication of the son's knowledge of Hebrew. But why, as Rice asks, would the father have written such a dedication to the son if the son was utterly incapable of understanding it?

For Rice himself, the dedication is more than just a testimony to Hebrew knowledge. It was, he argues, essentially a call from father to son, an expression of Jakob's desire that Sigmund "renew the tie to the Jewish tradition that he had forsaken." This call to return, in Rice's view, was the main motivation behind Freud's lifelong fascination with the Bible, and particularly his "obsession" with the figure of Moses. Thus *Moses and Monotheism* was Freud's final attempt to reconcile himself with the Judaism of his father. The work is "a love story, in aggressive garb, between father and son." The love led Freud back to biblical studies as a way of fulfilling his father's wish for his son's return to Judaism; the aggression shaped the specific form that those studies took, in Freud's imagining of Moses' Egyptian nationality and his attribution of the discovery of monotheism to Ikhnaton. Yet even these aggressive feelings toward his father were, Rice claims, a cover for still

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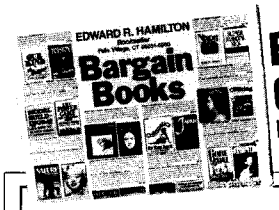

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deeper feelings of aggression—at which point Rice unfortunately repairs to the old whipping-horse of Freud's Jewish self-hatred.

Still, he gives it an interesting spin. Freud's self-hating Jewishness, Rice asserts, in conformity with most studies of Freud the Jew, was characteristic of the aristocratic sectors of Viennese Jewry in its prejudice against *Ostjuden,* the Jewish emigrants from the "East," from Galicia and Russia, a group that included Freud's own parents. In this account, Freud wished to distance himself as far as possible from these brethren. Rice suggests that the Freud family, far from being fully assimilated, was not sufficiently distanced from its Eastern European ways: hence Sigmund's ambivalence toward Judaism. Rice argues, indeed, that Freud created nothing less than his own family romance, claiming that his distant ancestors actually belonged to the medieval Jewish community that had existed in Cologne before the Jews were expelled from Germany to Eastern Europe. In this way he sought to remove from himself the tainted Eastern descent—as, in *Moses and Monotheism,* he elevated Moses to Egyptian royalty. In both cases, Freud enjoyed the fantasy of a Jewish hero-figure affiliated with a culture more aristocratic than that of the other Israelites, those "savage Semites" whom Freud went on to describe in his book, rather more revealingly than he may have intended, as "immigrant foreigners at a backward level of civilization."

This notion of Freud's family romance is a fine speculation. Rice's other psychoanalytic observations, alas, are more heavy-handed and reductive. The book is also marred by a number of rather naive analogies between Freud's world and the American Jewish scene that Rice knows; sometimes he seems to be importing the Conservative Judaism of contemporary America back to Vienna, and not very helpfully. Despite his admirable efforts at reopening the question, Rice's conscientious study is hurt by his own inability to break out of a definition of Jewishness that resides necessarily in either religiosity or unreligiosity, godliness or godlessness. His subtitle, "The Long Journey Home," may be more revealing than he wishes, for it contains an (unconscious?) allusion to the classical notion of *teshuvah,* literally "return" and more accurately "repentance." In the end, the story Rice tells in his book is the old and sentimental tale, beloved by so many uneasy American Jews, of the prodigal Jewish son who eventually repents and comes home, reconciled to his father and to his father's faith.

Yet this only begs the question. For if there is to be any resolution to the enigma of Freud's Jewishness, it must begin by acknowledging the fact that Freud utterly disassociated Jewishness from religiosity and Judaism of any conventional sort. Summing up his findings, Rice writes that "for reasons that are unclear, Freud himself, his family, and biographers have minimized the extent of his religious background and its influence upon him." This will not do. Freud did not "minimize" the extent of his Jewish background. He seems actually to have lied about it. Rather than a "long journey home," the arc of Freud's career seems more like an extended effort at avoiding his origins and the pain of a confrontation with them.

In his highly suggestive and intelligent book, Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi, arguably the most gifted Jewish historian in America, covers much of the same historical ground and offers a reading of the Hebrew birthday dedication that is even more nuanced. Calling the dedication Jakob's "mandate" to his son, Yerushalmi sees it as a gift comparable to that of giving the Bible "for the second time," as "a parallel to the two sets of the Tablets of the Law, the first of which had been shattered by Moses." Yerushalmi's focus, however, is less upon the extent of Freud's Jewish background in general than on the particular meaning of Freud's strange last work. Wisely eschewing a psychoanalytic approach, Yerushalmi concentrates instead on Freud's "conscious intentions" in writing the book with the explicit purpose of recovering *Moses and Monotheism* as "a deliberately Jewish book."

Not a small part of the interest of *Freud's Moses* lies in the spectacle of a Jewish historian at work on a subject that is rarely approached by those in possession of Jewish knowledge. Yerushalmi offers an extremely original reading of Freud's text that draws significantly upon his training in classical Jewish sources as well as on his voluminous knowledge of modern Jewish history, and his mastery of the psychoanalytic material is no less impressive. His most important contribution is his argument that the real subject of *Moses and Monotheism* is not the origins of monotheism, but the origins of Jewishness, or "how the Jews have come to be what they are and why they have attracted this undying hatred," as Freud wrote in a letter to Arnold Zweig in 1934. Which is to say, Freud's book has two topics: the mystery of Judaism's compulsive hold on the generations and the mystery of anti-Semitism.

Freud must have understood that the more obvious themes of his book—that the Egyptians, not the Jews, invented monotheism; that Moses was an Egyptian, not an Israelite; that the Jews killed Moses—were bound to eclipse the more subtle ones. He worried, as Yerushalmi shows, that these arguments would deeply offend Jewish readers (as well as the Catholic Church), and he feared the effects that they might have on the Jews and on the psychoanalytic movement in the dark years of the 1930s. Still, in Freud's own mind, Yerushalmi argues, the "historical" theses of the book were intended neither as an offense to Jews nor as a provocation to others.

The denial of the Jewish claim to have invented monotheism was only a "fourth humiliation," the last in a series of demystifications that human narcissism has had to endure through history, akin to the blows that Copernicus delivered to man's view of the centrality of the Earth in the universe, or that Darwin struck against belief in mankind's privileged place in the order of creation, or that Freud himself accomplished when he showed that "the ego is not master in its own house." Such humiliations, in Freud's view, were the price to be paid for exchanging illusion for reality. And while Freud believed, in good nineteenth-century fashion, that meaning lay in origins, the important point for him was not that the Jews did or did not discover monotheism, but that they made high ethical ideals out of it. *That,* Freud proudly acknowledged, was the Jewish difference, the Jewish achievement.

To argue this case, Freud built upon the primal plot that he first sketched out in *Totem and Taboo,* in which he audaciously claimed that all religion developed as the result of a repressed childhood trauma, namely, guilt over the slaying of the primal father by the primal horde. The originating moment in this scenario was, of course, a mythical event. But now, in *Moses and Monotheism,* Freud sought to apply the myth to a historical reality, specifically to the emergence of the Jewish people and their religion. He drew selectively upon the biblical scholarship of his time, particularly upon the work of Ernst Sellin, a contemporary German scholar who claimed to have discovered hints in the prophet Hosea that Moses had been slain by the Jews. Freud knew that Sellin's speculation had been refuted by biblical scholars, but he had no compunctions about using it to corroborate his theory that the primal murder had been repeated in the form of the murder of Moses by the Israelites after the Egyptian prince imposed monotheism upon the nomadic tribe.

Following Moses' murder, the Israelites repressed the trauma a "second time" and internalized their guilt. Sometime later they joined a tribe of quasi-

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savage Midianites, who happened to be led by a man also called Moses, and whom the Israelites eventually identified with the first Moses. The Israelites also participated in the Midianites' worship of the ferocious mountain god Adonai. Again the inevitable occurred: the repressed returned. This time, however, it returned in the form of the first Moses' teachings, which were imbued with the obsessional force of all the accumulated guilt and its repression. The degree of repression accorded with the intensity of the Jews' refusal to admit their guilt; the "compulsive character" of Jewish tradition derived from "the fate of being repressed." Yet here, at the very moment of the return of the repressed, something truly unpredictable took place. Instead of producing a psychologically deleterious reaction, as repression usually does in individuals, the virtually unique result of repressed feelings of trauma in the case of the Jews was a form of sublimation. Guilt became a spur to religious genius, to a compulsion to attain to higher moral standards than any other ancient people.

This exceptional reaction also set Judaism off from Christianity, which, in Freud's view, repeated the pattern of murder of the primal father "a third time," though it escaped the need to repress the murder by changing the victim from the Father to the Son. By doing this, Paul could tell his fellow Jews: We did the same thing as you, but we admit our crime, and therefore we, unlike you, are absolved of guilt. In this reproach Freud located the beginnings of anti-Semitism. By renouncing its guilt through a cult of the sacrificial victim, however, Christianity ended up deifying the Son and becoming a Son-Religion with many idolatrous and pagan accretions. Judaism, by contrast, clung to the Father and to pure monotheism, but only through maintaining an unending "consciousness of guilt."

Such is Yerushalmi's reconstruction of Freud's argument. The main difficulty that Freud faced in writing the book, he suggests, was owed to his need to adapt an ahistorical paradigm to a historical event. And from this inherently problematic task derived the work's peculiar features: its awkward and repetitious literary structure; its author's uncharacteristic apologies and special pleadings; its interrupted publishing history; and last of all, the meaning of its original subtitle, "A Historical Novel," which amounted to the author's admission that his historical study would have to rely on psychoanalytic probability and imaginative speculation, since the hard facts of historical evidence were missing.

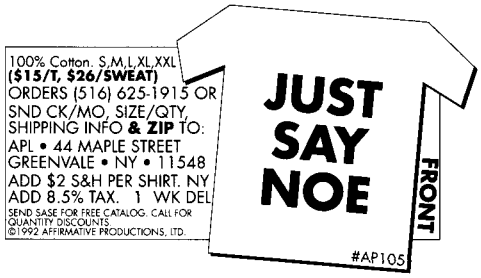
Freud, of course, was never one to be deterred by a lack of evidence from the pursuit of the truth. Still, it was this leap from mythical paradigm to historical reality that posed the main challenge in writing his book—not, Yerushalmi contends, Freud's ambivalence about Judaism or his conflicted feelings toward his father. Indeed, in Yerushalmi's reading of Freud's "conscious intentions," such ambivalence and conflicted feelings are largely missing. For Yerushalmi, *Moses and Monotheism* is Freud's positive affirmation of Jewishness, the resolution to his life-long fascination with religion and Judaism.

That fascination began in his adolescent struggles and was renewed, according to Yerushalmi, by Jakob's "mandate" in the birthday dedication. The immediate impetus to write his book, however, came from the rise of Hitler and the Nazi movement in Germany. As Freud watched his world crumble around him, as both Judaism and the psychoanalytic movement fell victim to the same barbarous assault, "as the fate of psychoanalysis ... intertwined directly with the actual fate of the Jewish people," Freud was finally compelled to come fully to terms with "the fateful content of the religious history of the Jews."

And yet that content, the notion of Jewishness described in *Moses and Monotheism*, was almost entirely divorced from any traditional conception of Judaism. According to Freud, the traumatic events that had marked Israel's childhood—the murder of Moses and the repression of the crime—left "an impression of the past in unconscious memory traces." The sum of those impressions was not the actual Jewish tradition, but the body of traits that became known in the modern world as the Jewish character. They included an extraordinary capacity for guilt and instinctual self-renunciation, as well as a commitment to the highest ethical ideals.

To the extent that this character constituted a tradition, Freud believed that it was hereditary, transmitted from one generation to the next as a kind of archaic national unconscious. Though it was originally forged by the religion of Judaism, its persistence was not dependent upon that religion's continuing existence. Indeed, Freud asserted that the religion, having created the Jewish character, had fulfilled its purpose and could now be dispensed with, terminated. What remained interminable, however, was the Jewish character, or secular, psychological Jewishness.

Yerushalmi rightly notes that this conception of Jewishness is difficult to accept, that it is "outrageous." For one thing, it posited the existence of a single,



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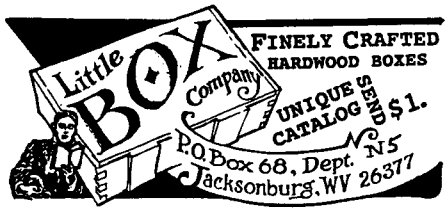

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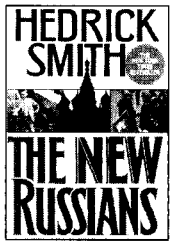

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reified Jewish temperament that has remained unchanged since biblical times. Such a notion of a people's character verges on a kind of racialism that is uncomfortably reminiscent of the racialisms that were contemporary with it: it is, in short, a product of its troubled times. And it is also reminiscent of the many theories of the nineteenth-century philosophy of religion that propounded an "essence of Christianity" or an "essence of Judaism." Surely no single category for the study of religion has proved more anti-historical, and therefore more obsolete, than this theological essentialism.

Even more incredibly, at least from the standpoint of science, Freud's notion of a Jewish character involved him (as Yerushalmi notes) in an extreme psycho-Lamarckism, in a belief in the genetic transmission of social and intellectual habits; and he went beyond Lamarck in seeking to extend this hereditary capacity from the individual psyche to the group unconscious of an entire nation. Yerushalmi is convinced that Freud actually believed in such an archaic national unconscious. He resisted the pleas of disciples like Ernest Jones to expunge the embarrassing Lamarckism from the book, the reason being, in Yerushalmi's view, that his notion of Lamarckism may have seemed validated by his notion of Jewishness.

After all, Yerushalmi writes, "deconstructed into Jewish terms, what is Lamarckism if not the powerful feeling that, for better or worse, one cannot really cease being Jewish ... because one's fate in being Jewish was determined long ago by the Fathers, and that often what one feels most deeply and obscurely is a trilling wire in the blood." In Yerushalmi's shrewd reading, Freud could not give up the Lamarckian underpinnings to his theory because they explained to him the secret of his own Jewish identity, the Jewishness of a godless Jew. Without having to choose to be Jewish, without having had to make any visible religious or national commitment to Judaism or to the Jewish people, Freud could now understand why the "essence" of Judaism survived in him. In conceiving of Jewishness in this way, as Yerushalmi observes, Freud found himself in unexpected agreement with the Bible's notion of the election of the Jews. In his account, too, the Jews were chosen by an "outsider"—the Egyptian Moses, though, not the God of Sinai—and were not constituted as a people by any initiative or action of their own.

Freud's account flies in the face of the single most salient characteristic of modern Jewish identity, that is, its voluntarism, its assumption that Judaism (even Orthodox Judaism) or Jewishness is a choice. But Freud rejected a voluntaristic account of Jewish identity because he could not find a reason to choose Judaism or Jewishness. It is ironic, to say the least, that this thinker who wanted so much to see moral agency as the crowning achievement of Jewish sublimation should arrive at a notion of Jewish identity that excluded the individual will altogether.

This view of *Moses and Monotheism* as a historical essay on the origins of the Jewish character and its survival is limned in the first three chapters in Yerushalmi's densely argued book. It is a reading that comes close to being a tour de force of exegetical and historical acumen. Yerushalmi's book begins to slip, however, in its final chapter. Titled "Monologue with Freud," it is a series of aperçus and criticisms, set forth almost in the mode of a confession, that Yerushalmi pretends to address to Freud himself. The literary form of the apostrophe is strained and artificial, and though the chapter contains some of Yerushalmi's most penetrating ideas, its thrust is uncharacteristically reticent.

Exactly why is not clear. In one of the most astute observations in his book, Yerushalmi remarks upon Freud's profound misreading of the Bible, his failure to recognize what is perhaps the Bible's most salient characteristic, namely, its "almost maddening" tendency *not* to hide or to conceal the sins and the misdeeds of its protagonists, whether they be the people of Israel or illustrious individuals like the patriarchs or Moses himself. And so, Yerushalmi shrewdly points out, even if the Jews had killed Moses, that crime would have been the last thing that biblical tradition would have attempted to suppress. More likely the heinous deed would have been adduced as only another proof of Israel's inborn recalcitrance and miscreancy.

This is brilliant; and it eloquently shows why the knowledge of Jewish history and literature should be an indispensable requirement for appreciating a book like *Moses and Monotheism*. Freud's thesis that the Jews killed Moses has often been correctly attacked on scholarly grounds as being utterly without foundation, but Yerushalmi's criticism is more devastating, precisely because it is a Jewish criticism. What could be more damaging, after all, than a demonstration that Freud's thesis is utterly false to the sensibility of the very book and the very tradition whose real meaning he set out to elucidate?

And yet Yerushalmi fails to follow the point through to its inevitable conclusion. For, insofar as the Bible would not have repressed the murder of Moses if it had occurred, we can safely conclude that in fact the murder never took place. And if it never took place, Freud's argument falls completely apart. And not only the argument, but the entire category of Jewishness deriving from it. For what is Jewishness as character, what is Psychological Jewishness, other than a kind of collocation, a grab bag, or a congeries of traits—"monotheistic purity," instinctual renunciation, the capacity for guilt, the collective memory of victimization, moral idealism—that are found also in non-Jews, that are vestigially Jewish at best, that are finally held together only by their common descent from an original trauma? Judged for its substance alone, such a conception of Jewishness is rather thin. And absent the primal crime and the primal trauma that created it, it collapses altogether, and stands exposed as an honorable but enormous nullity.

Yerushalmi clearly knows this. Indeed, it is in his own pages that the proof of it may be found. Yet he inexplicably holds back from saying it himself—from admitting to the emptiness of Freud's version of the history of Judaism and Jewishness, to the ultimate failings of Freud's own attempt to reclaim himself as a Jew. Thus, he concludes by citing Anna Freud's famous remark, delivered at the ceremony dedicating the Sigmund Freud Professorship at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, in which she publicly and rather ambiguously acknowledged that the charge against psychoanalysis being "a Jewish science" may "under the present circumstances, serve as a title of honor." Was Anna "speaking in your name?" Yerushalmi asks Freud, in the penultimate sentence of his book. Is it possible, that is, that Freud was not ashamed of being Jewish, that he did not see it as a stigma upon the healthy body of psychoanalysis, that he may have been able to acknowledge, in public and with honor, the Jewishness of his work?

There is something anticlimactic in seeing all the suggestive argumentation in Yerushalmi's book about Jewish identity come down to a matter of Jewish pride. How American and how contemporary a criterion for identity! If nothing else, the disappointment of this ending suggests that the crisis of modern Jewish historicism first set out so eloquently in

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1982 by Yerushalmi himself, in *Zakhor: Jewish History and Jewish Memory* ("the very mode in which I delve into the Jewish past," he wrote there about his chosen vocation, "represents a decisive break with that past"), is even deeper than that book suggested. For the underlying thesis of this new book is, to a large degree, that Freud, in his last work, may be appreciated as a custodian of Jewish memory. What is *Moses and Monotheism*, after all, if not an attempt to retell the Jewish past in order to explain the persistence of Jewishness, which for Freud is itself the meaning of Judaism?

> At first glance, indeed, the phylogenetic Jewishness postulated by Freud would seem to be a modern embodiment of the collective memory of Jewish tradition, an authentic surrogate for the liturgical and ritual commemoration that in premodern Judaism successfully endowed the past with meaning and thereby ensured the continuity of Jewish identity. But surely Psychological Jewishness does not hold up as a viable medium of Jewish memory, for it is based on a reading of the tradition that is false to the tradition itself.

Nor can Freud himself, in the end, serve as a satisfactory custodian of Jewish memory. For, as Yerushalmi shows but does not say, Freud never overcame his anxieties about his Jewishness. For all his pride in his origins, even in the late 1930s, when there was little left to lose, he still could not bring himself to stand up and to repudiate the invidious charge that psychoanalysis was a "Jewish science," to unmask this defamation of psychoanalysis for what it was, an anti-Semitic canard. He could not do this because he could not overcome in his own mind a false sense of the opposition between the parochial and the universal. Finally he, too, succumbed to the belief that being a Jew and being a modern, secular Western intellectual are mutually exclusive.

It is undeniable that there is a real tension between Jewishness and modernity, between the Jewish intellectual tradition and the Western intellectual tradition. But the belief in the absolute irreconcilability of the two traditions was not only a conviction that stood in Freud's way, preventing him from openly acknowledging his Jewishness. It was itself a staple of emancipated Jewish consciousness, and the historical matrix for the emergence of the Psychological Jew.

In *The Origins of Totalitarianism*, Hannah Arendt (who was herself, except for a brief Zionist period, something of a Psychological Jew) offered a portrait of the birth of the Psychological Jew. In her account, though, the Psychological Jew was a product of momentous historical, and not merely psychological, forces that bore down upon assimilating Jews at the time of Emancipation. These forces were, on the one hand, the wish (and the need) to assimilate within non-Jewish society, and, on the other, the desire to maintain some kind of Jewish identification. As a result of these simultaneous pressures,

> instead of being defined by nationality or religion, Jews were being transformed into a social group whose members shared certain psychological attributes and reactions, the sum total of which was supposed to constitute "Jewishness." In other words, Judaism became a psychological quality and the Jewish question became an involved personal problem for every individual Jew.

Although Arendt is speaking about a somewhat earlier period in Western European history, the historical pressures she describes still prevailed in Freud's time. Indeed, his project to construct a psychological etiology for Jewishness, which truly was for him an "involved personal problem," was itself a product of those pressures.

It is not fair to fault Freud for not fully appreciating the historical forces in which he and his project were caught up. Still, he was hardly oblivious to his historical situation. He clearly recognized the evil of Nazism and presciently foresaw the catastrophe that "group psychology" portended for Europe. But finally he was more concerned with the survival of psychoanalysis and its therapy of Western culture than with the survival of the Jews or Judaism.

The reason may have been, as Yerushalmi suggests, that Freud sincerely took psychoanalysis for the future of Judaism. Today, of course, such a belief appears fatuous and tragically mistaken. But it, too, need not be held against Freud. He may have been right to choose psychoanalysis over Jewishness or he may have been wrong, but the one incontrovertible consequence of his choice was to disqualify himself from service to Jews as a model of Jewishness, as a progenitor of Jewish identity. His Jewish failure was owed to the strange passivity of his prescription for Jewishness. For Freud, the creation of identity, say, the identity of the analytic individual who rationally masters his instincts, is always an active achievement, even a form of heroism. In the case of Jewish identity, heroism eluded him.

DAVID STERN is the author most recently of *Parables in Midrash: Narrative and Exegesis in Rabbinic Literature* (Harvard University Press).

TRB *continued from page 6*

there isn't—about the truth of Bush's original sally. In this, the Bush people have taken cynical advantage of certain conventions of the press.

Journalists have actually done a good job of noting that the 128-taxes figure has been challenged, but they are hampered by a reluctance to say flat-out that the president is a liar. *The New York Times* did say the figure is "false, based on trickery." But more common are such descriptions as "exaggerated" (*Washington Post*), "highly misleading" (*Wall Street Journal*—which itself exposed the fraud early on), and "at best a distortion of Clinton's record" (*Boston Globe*).

Keep the phony dispute going and eventually the press throws up its hands and declares wearily that both sides have called the other one dishonest for long enough and it's time to move on. This has now happened. Meanwhile, voters who haven't followed the issue with my own neurotic obsession are left with the vague impression that Clinton has raised a lot of taxes and who cares exactly how many. Lately the papers have been quoting anonymous Bush aides saying exactly that, although Bush is the one who decided to make the demagogic point about the number 128.

This is not about taxes. It is about, as Bush says, character and trust. If Bush would knowingly tell an established falsehood in one of the most important and widely watched addresses of his life—and stick by it afterward—what wouldn't he say? Honesty rarely counts for enough with any politician, as I say, but with George Bush it apparently counts for nothing.

Am I belaboring a rather small point? I don't think so. Some lies are complicated, like Bush's assertion in the same speech that Congress forced the 1990 tax increase on him. Some essentially dishonest statements are technically truthful, like his assertion that the Democratic platform doesn't contain the letters G-O-D. (It doesn't, but it does contain the letters F-A-I-T-H, referred to as one of "the basic values that built this country and will always make it great," and a similar passage in praise of R-E-L-I-G-I-O-U-S I-N-S-T-I-T-U-T-I-O-N-S.)

The 128-tax-increases-to-1 lie may be a small lie as these things go, but it is crystal clear. As such, it is a test of character not just for Bush but for those around him. There are decent people among the Bush campaign and Republican leadership, and others who wish to be thought of as decent. Do they care if the president lies? If they remain silent—or defend the lie—we'll have our answer.

MICHAEL KINSLEY

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Blenders

I'VE BEEN AN AVID LISTENER TO National Public Radio for more than fifteen years. Its depth and reach make it vastly superior to any other electronic news outlet in the country. At the same time, I'm constantly in a rage at its unrelieved leftist bias. During the civil wars in Nicaragua and El Salvador, I used to kid friends at NPR that they were working for Radio Venceremos, so consistently did its correspondents make the case that Central Americans fervently desired to be ruled by the gentle Sandinistas and the FMLN, but were thwarted by the murderous U.S.-backed contras and the Salvadoran government. Now that those wars are over (after elections in which the Sandinistas and FMLN were clobbered), NPR has become the Voice of Multiculturalism. Hardly a day goes by when "Morning Edition" or "All Things Considered" does not include a report centering on the victimization of this or that minority group by the dominant straight white male European culture, or on the brave struggle of this or that ethnic sliver to maintain its identity in the face of Anglo supremacism. Never, ever have I heard a "person of color" (a favorite NPRism), whether African American, Native American, Aleut, or Latino, say America is a great country or a culture they want to be part of. I take that back: occasionally a successful Vietnamese-American student, Korean shopowner, Cuban businessman, or Anglo housewife will sound a positive note, but usually the point is to underscore the agony of some other still-oppressed group. Correspondents repeatedly assert that persons of color will soon outnumber Anglos—almost as often as they proclaim that the old-fashioned husband-wife ("Ozzie and Harriet") family is an obsolete oddity. I detect a strong implication in the commentary that the country's wealth and power should be divvied up by quota—but, in the meantime, minorities should get their due through affirmative action, as recompense for past injustice.

ALL THE POLITICAL CORRECTNESS is no accident. NPR's news director, Bill Buzenberg, once its Central America correspondent, told me, "We are celebrating the diversity of the country more and the melting pot less. I think the future of America is to be more like Canada: ethnically distinct, and less assimilated." Buzenberg says he's proud that NPR hired a staff that is "32 percent minority and 51 percent female" and is striving to raise those proportions. I do not detect much ideological diversity, however. NPR does have outside commentators, including my friend Ben Wattenberg. But he's a token. Ben's book and PBS special, both titled "The First Universal Nation," are at odds with NPR's prevailing ideology. He says that immigrants are pouring into America to seek a better life, that they are finding it (with struggle), and that they are building an American culture that is on its way to dominating the world, quite peacefully. Wattenberg contends, using census data, that the melting pot continues to bubble and that intermarriage is its warming fire. If he is right, NPR is selling its listeners a bill of goods as faulty as its Central America coverage was.

I WANT TO BELIEVE WHAT BEN IS saying for two reasons. First, I am both a product of exogamy (ethnic intermarriage) and a practitioner of it. My Austrian-Lutheran immigrant grandmother shockingly married a Lithuanian-American Jew in 1912, producing my mother, who married a Polish-American. They became Republicans. I then married a fiery Democrat who is half-Jewish and half-Mexican. My kids are gorgeous living proofs of my long-held theory that race-mixing is good for the race. The second reason I want to believe Ben is that I think ethnic blending has produced a culture unique for its tolerance and creativity. But if we do not keep this good thing going, we will end up at odds with each other—like Canada at best, and Yugoslavia at worst.

ACCORDING TO BEN'S CENSUS PROjections, persons of European stock constituted 83 percent of the population in 1970, 80 percent in 1980, 75 percent in 1990, and will continue to be a majority until well into the twenty-first century—until 2080, on a straight-line projection. However, over the last fifty years Europeans have blended almost totally in the melting pot. About 80 percent of all Polish-, Italian-, and Irish-Americans now marry out of their ethnic group. So do 50 percent of Jews and Greek-Americans. Multiculturalists will say, "Well, these are all Anglos. What about people of color?" To which I say two things: First, my father and grandfather are now Anglos. Once one was called a Polack and the other a kike. And second, Ben's numbers suggest an upsurge (to about 30 percent) in marrying-out among both Asian Americans and Hispanic Americans. Blacks are the only group left behind, with only 1 or 2 percent marrying out.

I HAVE A REVOLUTIONARY SUGGESTION: that white men and black women do their country a favor and marry each other more often. I'm not against intermarriage by black men and white women, but there is a problem here: there are not enough black men around, especially educated ones, to marry black women, with the result that only 17 percent of black women aged 20-24 are married, compared with 36 percent for Anglo women and 45 percent for Hispanic women. In the 25-34 age group, 43 percent of black women are married, compared with 69 percent for both Anglos and Hispanics. Some black women get furious, it's said, when black men marry white women, which is more than twice as common as the reverse arrangement. In 1991 there were 156,000 black husband-white wife marriages and 75,000 in which the wife was black and the husband white. Incidentally, there were 720,000 marriages in which one partner was white and the other either Asian or American Indian. (Incidentally, too, seventy-eight percent of all American families with children still contain both a husband and a wife. What's new is that Harriet works.) I see one glimmer of hope for my idea. There in the J. Crew catalog, believe it or not, is a black woman nuzzling with a white man. When this hits Land's End, we have a trend.

SERIOUSLY, I THINK INTERMARriage is one partial answer to the dilemma cited by TNR's Mickey Kaus in his book, *The End of Equality*. Increasingly in a postindustrial economy, he says, people will be ranked according to their skills and their I.Q.s. How will we maintain a democracy based on mutual respect and equality under the law? The best way is to harken unto God and treat each other as His children. Another is to treat each other as family. That would be a lot easier if each of us were related to someone of another color and if, eventually, we were all one color. In America, this can happen.

MORTON KONDRACKE

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Behind the Fig Leaves

BY ALBERT SHANKER, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF TEACHERS

Arguments about some educational issues go on forever. Is it a good idea to hold children back if they haven't learned the year's work or should they be promoted with the rest of their class? Will kids learn more if they go to school on a year-round schedule or do they get just as much out of spending a summer with the family or at camp? People battle back and forth on questions like these for years. You'll find, though, that when they do decide on an answer, the decision is often based on economic rather than educational concerns.

Before World War II, high school teachers were paid substantially more than elementary school teachers. Supporters of this system argued that high school teachers required more—and a more specialized—education so it was only right to pay them bigger salaries.

People who opposed the system said it created incentives that ran counter to the best interests of the children. It encouraged many of the most successful elementary school teachers to study to become high school teachers, but, opponents maintained, it was just as important for younger kids to have excellent teachers as it was for kids in high school. In fact, they argued, top-notch teachers might be even more important to kids during their early years than later on.

The argument eventually got resolved in favor of a single salary scale. But this was not because one side convinced the other; it was because of the Baby Boom at the end of World War II. Since children go to elementary school before they enter high school, there was a huge shortage of elementary school teachers across the country. Elementary schools had a hard time attracting and keeping teachers so they raised their salaries to correspond with those of high school teachers. The salary issue, then, was decided by the law of supply and demand, not by what was fair for teachers or best for students. The right decision was made for the wrong reasons.

Economics is probably also driving the current movement to promote every child every year instead of holding back children who have not achieved at grade level. People who favor automatic promotion say it is devastating for children to stay behind when friends go on to the next grade. Children who flunk feel defeated, and having failed once, they are likely to fail again. On the other hand, people who oppose automatic promotion point out that children who have not been able to do the work this year will be hopelessly behind if they are promoted into the next grade. What will that do for a child's self-esteem? And how will it help them understand that actions—or failures to act—have consequences?

Automatic promotion is an issue that people have very strong feelings about. Nevertheless, as with other issues, decisions are often based on economics rather than the merits of the case. When there is money around and space to accommodate the students, the pressure is on to utilize the space and spend the money. So people decide that it's a good thing to hold youngsters back and "give them a little more time if they need it." But when you've got a baby boom and schools are very crowded or when money is very tight—as it is now—the pressure is on to get the kids out of school as soon as possible.

It will be a good thing when we can decide educational issues on educational grounds.

According to a recent federal study cited by the *Wall Street Journal* (June 16, 1992), one child in five is held back at least one grade before entering high school. In other words, flunking students means spending a lot of extra money at a time when school districts all over the country are desperately trying to cut their expenditures because their budgets have been cut. So whatever the educational merits of automatic promotion, passing everybody makes economic sense. No wonder it's becoming a popular position.

Given our current fiscal problems, we can look forward to lots more educational decisions made for economic reasons. The Republican governor of California, Pete Wilson, recently tried to raise the age at which children are eligible to enter kindergarten. The governor maintained that this was being done for educational reasons. But it's no coincidence that California is burdened with terrible financial problems, and Wilson wanted to cut his education budget.

We can also expect to see all kinds of education research pushing the educational merits of changes that would save a pile of money. Maybe we'll hear that children are too young to start school until they are seven or eight—we could save several years' worth of school and billions of dollars right there. And maybe there'll be other research proving that kids have learned all they are likely to by the time they are sixteen. Or that a whole day in school is just too much for young minds. I can hear it now: "We'll let half the kids attend in the morning and half in the afternoon. Then we'll be able to shut down half the schools and lay off half the teachers."

There's nothing wrong with looking at the economic side of a decision about education. If we'd done more of this in the past, school districts wouldn't still be spending heavily on central office administrators at the same time as they talk about drastic cuts in school personnel who deal directly with kids.

But you can hide a lot of greed behind educational fig leaves. It will be a good thing when we can decide educational issues on educational grounds. Economic issues have determined our decisions for too long.

MR. SHANKER'S COMMENTS APPEAR IN THIS AD UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF TEACHERS. READER CORRESPONDENCE IS INVITED. ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO MR. SHANKER AT THE AFT, 555 NEW JERSEY AVE., N.W., WASHINGTON, DC 20001. ©1992 BY ALBERT SHANKER.

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